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THE OCEAN FLOWER;

A Poem.

PRECEDED BY AN HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT
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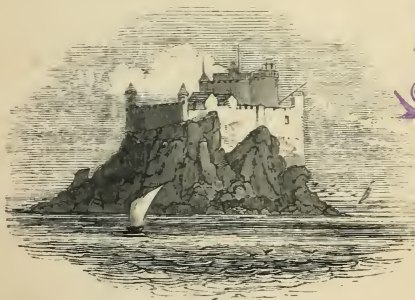
ISLAND OF MADEIRA,

A SUMMARY OF

THE DISCOVERIES AND CHIVALROUS HISTORY OF PORTUGAL
AND AN ESSAY ON PORTUGUESE LITERATURE.

BY T. M. HUGHES,

AUTHOR OF "REVELATIONS OF SPAIN."



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HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT

OF THE

ISLAND OF MADEIRA ;

WITH A SUMMARY OF THE DISCOVERIES AND CHIVAL-
ROUS HISTORY OF PORTUGAL.



THE importance of the discovery of Madeira can scarcely be overrated. It was the first of those great expeditions for the acquisition of new regions, which so influenced the diffusion of new and liberal ideas, and contributing to establish freedom both in thought and action, powerfully swayed the destinies of mankind. The Conquistadores with all their faults were amongst the most useful pioneers of modern civilisation ; and from the very nature of their avocations upon entering new regions, and the inevitable development of their self-dependent energies, they exercised and enjoyed so much solid liberty that it was impossible afterwards to wrest it from their grasp. The acquisition of Madeira was a great step to the discovery of the American continent, and to the foundation of the greatest democratic republic of ancient or modern times. It assisted in demolishing the stern fortress of

Feudalism, and was concurrent with the revival of letters in the wonderful Fifteenth Century, with the silent contests of the Lollards for religious freedom which in England preceded the Reformation, and with the last struggles of the Great Barons against the advancing tide of popular liberty.

The best accounts assign to the discovery of Madeira the date 1419, and to that of Porto Santo the previous year. The “*Relação Chronologica das Navegações, Descobrimentos, e Conquistas dos Portuguezes,*” published in Lisbon in 1840, a carefully compiled and satisfactory work, adopts this date without hesitation; and I am confirmed in this opinion by the very decisive manner in which the year is fixed by Manoel Thomas, a dignitary of the Cathedral Church of Funchal, who wrote his *Insulana* within two centuries of the original period of discovery. The weightiest of the opposite authorities is that of the author of the “*Mappa Genealogico, Historico, Chronologico, &c., do Reino do Portugal,*” whose episcopal rank and undoubted learning attach great importance to his opinions amongst the Portuguese. The date which he assigns is 1420, but I at once reject his testimony on perceiving that this writer assigns the discovery of Porto Santo, which he fixes in 1419, to Zargo and Tristão Vaz, the discoverers of Madeira, it being perfectly well known that Porto Santo was discovered independently by Bartholomeu Perestrello. Cordeyro in his *Historia Insulana* (one of the most ancient and respectable authorities) expressly says that it was discovered on the 2nd of July, 1419 (L. III. C. V.).

All Portuguese historians, with the exception of Barros, commence their account of the discovery of Madeira with the romantic history of two English lovers, Robert à Machin, and Anna D'Arfet, who are said to have retreated towards France from the persecutions of the damsel's father, taking shipping at Bristol, and to have been driven by a dreadful storm upon the island of Madeira in 1344. The lovers are alleged to have perished miserably on the island, in consequence of the vessel which carried them thither having been driven away with their companions by a fresh storm to the coast of Africa, where they were reduced to slavery; and 75 years subsequently, if it is possible for a moment to attach credit to what bears all the character of a very loose fiction, these mariners, after undergoing nigh a century of slavery, found means of communicating their strange history to a Spanish pilot named Juan de Amores who happened to meet them where they were held in duress in the kingdom of Fez. Amores was captured, it is said, by Zargo while the latter was cruising in the Straits of Gibraltar in his capacity of Captain of Algarve, and the story repeated by Zargo to the illustrious Henry originated the expedition of discovery.

There is no necessity for rudely disturbing a pleasing fiction, and for poetical purposes there are few more interesting fables than the legend now under consideration; but unhappily it has no more substantial basis than a very undefined tradition, and all my efforts during a three days' stay at Machico were unavailing to discover the slightest

vestige of confirmatory evidence on the subject. Zargo and Tristão are said to have discovered the remains of the two lovers side by side in a cave in the valley which now bears that name, to have honoured them with a tomb and inscription for each respectively, and to have erected a chapel over them dedicated to Christ, in compliance with the request of Machin, how recorded it is difficult to conjecture. The Church remains to this day, though in great part modernised, which Tristão raised in honour of Christ, and this Church or a portion of it is popularly called Machin's Chapel, but of the tombs themselves or of any substantive evidence there is not a trace to be seen.

Machin's story is related by Alcaforado pretty nearly in the words of Manoel Thomas. He thus attempts to meet the difficulty of a person cast upon an uninhabited island, and deprived of all facilities for the purpose, communicating his wishes to individuals discovering the same island nearly a century later : he alleges Machin to have planted a cedar cross over the spot which he selected for his grave by the side of Anna, and upon this to have engraven his request in Latin that the next Christian who visited the spot would erect a Church there. The accounts agree that the ship which carried Machin to Madeira was blown away to the coast of Africa on the third night after their arrival, but differ as to essential particulars, some asserting that Machin's amour was adulterous and others the reverse, some that he and Anna were left alone, and others that a few of their com-

panions were left behind with them. Alcaforado calls the Spanish pilot Morales instead of Amores. The story has found its way into the Spanish Chronicles, and is related there with the amusing difference that Machin survived and reached Castile after many years' captivity amongst the Moors, the evident object being to make out a Spanish claim to the Island. Bowdich's argument in favour of the truth of the legend from the town being called Machico is manifestly a "vicious circle." He follows the Portuguese in writing the name of our supposed countryman Machim, the genuine English name being Machin. The name of the town is in fact sometimes written "*Mexico*," *x* being pronounced like *sh* by the Portuguese.

My own conjecture is, that Porto Santo having been accidentally discovered by Perestrello, the cloudy outline of Madeira, which is undoubtedly visible at times from the smaller island, gave birth to surmises that a still more considerable territory might be reached in that direction, and that Zargo derived his inspiration from this source. This conjecture is strengthened by the very straight course which Zargo steered, and the little delay with which his object was accomplished. Neither the discoverers nor their companions have left us any written testimony on the subject, but this is not surprising in an age when many of our own powerful Barons signed with their mark, and when the Great Earl of Warwick himself was no very accomplished pensman.

Machin's adventure took place (if at all) in the reign of our Edward III., whom the author of *Insulana*, with

amusing ethnographical confusion, calls "King of wild Scotland," without the slightest mention of England :

Imperando na silva Calydonia

Eduardo Terceiro Rey famoso. II. 4.

a mistake which is doubtless attributable to some faint knowledge acquired by the writer of Edward's conquest of Scotland. The whole story is probably an invention originating in the intimate relations then subsisting between Portugal and England, John of Gaunt having come over from England at that period to establish a wild claim which he had by marriage to the throne of Spain, and having with no inconsiderable diplomatic dexterity allowed his claim to subside into a marriage of his two daughters with the Kings of Spain and Portugal. In all the chronicles of Portugal the name of our stalwart hero's Duchy of Lancaster is commonly metamorphosed into "Alencastro." At the period of the discovery of Madeira these relations of Portugal with England were still more intimate, Zargo's patron Henry having been the son of an English mother, Queen Philippa, and the architect of the magnificent monastery of Batalha, then erected, as well as many of the artificers, having been English. Machin and D'Arfet were undoubtedly both good English names of the time. There is an eminent English singer at this day called Machin, and the name is a common one still in parts of Northamptonshire.

The masquerade in which old Cordeyro makes our British worthies appear in the commencement of his Island History is amusing enough. Our Edward III. he calls

“Dom Duarte,” and John of Gaunt figures as the “Infante D. João Duque de Alencastro.”

The descriptive books are as erroneous in their accounts of the status of the discoverers as of other matters. The author of “Rambles in Madeira,” the only good work upon the subject with the exception of those of Bowdich, Gourlay, and Wild, relates that Tristão alone had knight-hood at the period of the first expedition. In nearly all the English books that have been written upon Madeira, the writers are manifestly most imperfectly acquainted with the Portuguese language, so that it is not to be expected that they could have read or understood the *Insulana*, a work besides so rare that I understand there are but two copies of it upon the island. In this book, written 230 years since, and upon facts of this kind of undeniable authority, it is expressly stated that Zargo was not only knighted by Dom John I. before Madeira was thought of, but that his knightly exploits had achieved for him the highest distinction. The author of *Insulana* likewise falsifies the second fact assumed by these writers, that Tristão accompanied Zargo on his first expedition. Manoel Thomas expressly declares that Tristão “most positively” did not proceed to Madeira until the second expedition. I have followed the former and more popular account, as the more poetical through its affording room for some contrast of character. I am fully borne out in the assumption that Tristão came with Zargo by the fact that some old authorities are against Manoel Thomas, since Barros and Galvão state distinctly that they came

to the Island together. Rui Paes was the first Portuguese that landed, having been sent ashore in a boat by Zargo (Cordeyro, III. 5).

The bewilderment into which modern writers have been led by the obscurity hanging over the discovery of the Atlantic Islands, and by the multitude of conflicting statements, appears to be no novelty. "Such (says old Cordeyro) is the confusion with which the historians of these two Islands [Madeira and Porto Santo] relate their discoveries, that even our learned Fructuoso, commencing with the discovery of the said Porto Santo, jumpeth immediately to treat of the first Captain of the Capitania of Funchal in the island of Madeyra (L. III. C. I.). "As for Porto Santo," he adds, "all confess that it was first discovered and peopled before Madeyra." Yet there is good ground for believing that Perestrelo was not the original discoverer of Porto Santo, but that it was discovered a year before him by some Spaniards and Frenchmen on their way to the Canaries. Barros himself seems elsewhere not wholly disinclined to admit the fact, and Manoel Thomas betrays even a stronger leaning to that opinion. The present is the first time that this subject has been offered in any thing of a spirit of historical criticism or careful detail either to the British or Portuguese public. The discovery of Porto Santo was most certainly accidental, and the faint outline of Madeira was probably first seen from Porto Santo.

Though Zargo and Tristão both had knighthood when they first proceeded to Madeira, Tristão alone was

a knight of the Order of Christ, of which Dom Henry was the Grand Master, and to which Order that Prince's father Dom John I. dedicated the new discovery.

The Island was pretty equally divided between Zargo and Tristão, Machico with the Eastern and Northern parts being allotted to Tristão, and the remainder, including the more fertile portion, to Zargo. Zargo was appointed by the Crown Captain and Donatorio or Grantee of Funchal, and Tristão received a similar appointment at Machico. Here Tristão raised the first Church which was erected in the Island, and dedicated it to Christ. It is this Church which is known to-day as Machin's Chapel. Zargo was the first in any country to use artillery in naval actions: "Consta de todas as relações de seu tempo," says Manoel Thomas. So affrighted was the Mediterranean by his mimic thunder, with which he contrived considerably to damage its shipping, that the following became a familiar proverb in Andalucía:—

"El Zargo los cañones que trahia,
Affrentavan al Mar quando enojado,
Pues mostravan con sus pelotas solas
Seren mas bravos que del Mar las olas."

The valorous exploits of Zargo were, like those of the Spanish Cid and of our own Earl of Warwick, Zargo's contemporary, of a character so extraordinary as to appear nearly fabulous, though perfectly well authenticated. With his single arm he slew hundreds at the siege of Ceuta; with his single arm he covered on one occasion the retreat of the Portuguese army, and was the last to retreat himself in safety, though dangerously wounded,

having kept back thousands of advancing Moors at the gate which is still called after him in Ceuta, the "Puerta del Zargo" (Ins. VI. 26). In those days of single-handed valour, he was unsurpassed by any warrior in Europe, and amongst the old heroes of Portugal his name should take rank with those of Afonso Henriques, Mestre d'Aviz, and Nuno Alvares. Yet his name in Portugal is little known.

The admixture of prudence, moderation, and discretion, with great courage and fortitude, in the character of Zargo, is strongly marked by Manoel Thomas :—

Gozava o justo fim de seus intentos,
Prudentes sempre mais que temerarios.

Ins. I. 84.

and also in this striking line,

Por dar ao Reino paz amava a guerra.

Ins. I. 82.

There is a good portrait of Zargo in oil colours (said to be ancient) in one of the saloons in the Governor's Castle at Funchal. Portraits of the other Captains who succeeded him are likewise preserved ; but they have never yet been arranged, nor are they fitly displayed. The lineaments of Zargo bear, like those of his great successor Columbus, the stamp of resolution and constancy. He appears of spare habit, with long thin features, and grave, contemplative aspect.

Tristão's history is interesting as illustrative of the vanity of human designs. His Captaincy of Machico, which comprised about half the Island, reverted to the

Crown in 1540, in default of heirs. When the Island passed into the hands of Philip II., who in 1582 despatched the first Spanish Governor, Don Agostiño Herrera to take possession, what little portion remained in the hands of Tristão's collateral descendants was ruthlessly cut up. The rock of Penha d'Aguia constitutes to-day a principal part of the estate of the family which represents him.

Tristão was before the expedition a knight fidalgo of the Royal house. His arms were a phœnix on a shield whose colour is not stated, and to this his descendants added a cross and fleur-de-lis. Notwithstanding Zargo's pre-eminence, there is no record of his peculiar armorial bearings before those which he obtained by Royal concession after the discovery of the Island. Such matters are of slight intrinsic importance, but their antiquarian aspect gives them an adventitious value.

I translate the following very interesting description of the "*bosque impenetravel*," which Madeira presented to the eyes of Zargo and his companions, from a MS. by Dr. João Pedro de Freitas, with a perusal of which I have been favoured by my worthy and intellectual friend Manoel de Santa Anna e Vasconcellos, late Administrador of Funchal:—"The Island of Madeira at the period of its discovery, presented a most lovely picture of nature. A vegetation truly astonishing covered it with indigenous and infructiferous plants, for the most part unknown in Europe, and raised to a prodigious height the ancient and majestic cedar, the laurel, til, vinhatico, azevinho, aderno, teixo, pao branco, and dragon-tree, intermingled

with those beautiful shrubs, the folhado, faya, urze, myrtle, and uveira, and forming thus one continuous and impenetrable forest. The thicket was carpeted by innumerable and diversified plants, some odoriferous, and others likewise flowering, the arbutus mingling with the herbarea, the feto, the musgo, and the agarico, in the midst of which rose the silva, the era, the corriola, the alegra-campo, and other evergreens and creeping-plants, which wove their festoons from branch to branch, and gave new shade to a lovely land all clothed with vegetation, new force to innumerable springs of pure and salubrious water.

“There was no quadruped whatever on the island, and scarcely an amphibious animal. But over these silent solitudes soared various birds of prey, and ten different sorts of singing birds warbled their sweet notes. Various species of aquatic fowls had their nests in the huge volcanic rocks which line the shore, and nature showed her affluence in the variety of the insect tribes.”

Nearly all the shrubs enumerated above are exquisitely odoriferous, as is likewise the gigantic Til—the true King of the forest. The faya, urze, aroma, and folhado, are amongst the most deliciously fragrant and flowering of the diversity of indigenous plants.

The rejoicings at Lisbon upon the successful return of the exploratory expedition were of the most splendid description. The Captaincies of Funchal and Machico were conferred upon Zargo and Tristão, and their heirs. The spiritualities of the Island were made over in perpetuity to the Order of Christ by gift of Dom John I., which

was confirmed in 1442, by Pope Eugene IV. The King made Zargo a Fidalgo of his Royal house, and gave him the family name of Camara, which Manoel Thomas states to have been taken from a strong resemblance which a portion of the coast near Cama dos Lobos bears to a splendid chamber. English writers are in the habit of confounding this name of Camara with that of Cama dos Lobos, another result of imperfect acquaintance with the language. As I am here upon the subject of Zargo's name, I may observe that where I state that Dom John had originally given to João Gonzalves the name of Zargo from a Moorish Sheik of that name whom he had slain in single combat, I follow the authority of the author of *Insulana*; but it is more probable that it was a popular *sobriquet* arising from a defect in Zargo's eyesight, "Zarco" in the Portuguese signifying a person with weak sight, and the Portuguese historians calling him indifferently by the names of "Zarco" and "Zargo." The armorial bearings which Dom John gave him are correctly stated hereafter. The crest was a peacock, and the shield a field vert:—

Em campo verde sendo edificado.

Ins. V. 63.

As to the duration of the fire, which Zargo set to the wood, to clear the ground for agricultural purposes, all the authorities concur in declaring that it lasted *for seven years*, and Manoel Thomas is here suspiciously minute, for not content with stating that it continued for seven years, he adds that it occupied exactly 84 months, a result very

easily deducible from a consultation of the multiplication table :

Antes fará de ally ser apagado,
Sete gyros annaes o Gram Planeta,
E oitenta e quatro em curso apresurado
O que hé Farol da noite mais secreto.

Ins. V. 59.

Ere grew that fire extinct, seven annual rounds
Made the Great Planet, four and eighty were
The courses of the lustrous lamp of night.

He adds that the settlers had to fly to their ships to escape from its fury.

It is impossible not to treat with respect the authority of one who lived so near the discovery of the Island as the age of Shakspeare ; but we must not forget what books of travels then were, and that Sir John Mandeville and Fernão Mendez Pinto wrote in that era. In the dearth of all conclusive authority, it may be assumed that the clearing of an island full 40 miles in length, from the dense wood with which all concur in declaring it to have been covered, was a work of labour and time, of difficulty and renewed exertion, that the fire often burnt out of itself, and had as often to be rekindled before the forest had completely disappeared. I have adopted the more poetical, because more marvellous, supposition.

Of the most brilliant period of Portuguese history—the Fifteenth Century—which witnessed the commencement and completion of the most splendid territorial discoveries that the world has ever seen, the most brilliant

character is the illustrious Dom Henry, third son of Dom John I., known amongst the Portuguese as "The Conquistador," and by English writers sometimes called "Henry the Navigator." He is generally called "Prince Henry," but is incorrectly so described, the title of Prince not having been assumed by any of the Infantes of Portugal until some years after his death. To this wonderfully gifted personage we are indebted for originating and energetically pursuing those researches which pushed the limits of our chorographical knowledge beyond the confines of Europe and portions of Asia and Africa, to which from the creation of the world it had been confined. It was Henry that first suggested the idea of a Western Hemisphere, and had he not existed we would probably never have had a Columbus. "*C'est aux découvertes,*" says Voltaire, "*des Portugais dans l'ancien monde que nous sommes redevables de la connoissance du nouveau.*" In all respects Henry was the most accomplished Prince of his time. He was an excellent scholar, skilled in the arts, a cultivator of poetry, an able general, and, according to the testimony of Barros (I. 17), "the most dexterous of horsemen." He was Master of the Order of Christ, Duke of Vizeu, and Lord of Sagres in Algarve.

Amongst the many services which constitute Henry's title to an eminent rank amongst the benefactors of mankind, was the discovery, as the result of his own labours, of the nautical chart, and of the astrolabe through the aid of Jewish mechanicians in Lisbon. He was a great patron of the arts. Through a liberal invitation to all

the world suggested by him, an Englishman, named Stephen Stephenson, was chosen as the architect of the magnificent Convent of Batalha. The fact that this great work was done by Stephenson is attested by documents in the Royal archives at Lisbon, which I have had the opportunity of personally inspecting there. The national jealousy of the Portuguese makes them reluctant to acknowledge this fact, and Fathers de Sousa and Cacegas, who have both written elaborate histories of Batalha, suppress it with no little insincerity. They merely say that the King, being resolved to build a monastery without an equal in Europe, invited the most celebrated architects from all countries to his Court. Now Gothic architecture flourished then in great perfection in England, Dom John's Queen, Philippa, was the grand-daughter of Edward the Third, at whose Court she was reared, and these relations would naturally lead to a preference for an English architect.

The remains of Dom Henry repose in the Royal convent of Batalha, where I traced his excellent motto in Gothic characters, "*Talent de bien faire.*" And as I gazed upon his sculptured monument, but one in no degree worthy of his fame, I reflected with pride that he was the son of a Plantagenet mother. If any thing were needed to add to the interest which Madeira inspires in English minds, it may be sufficient to state that we held the Island as a British garrison in 1809, under Lord Beresford, and ceded it again to Portugal, greatly improved in condition, in the following year. Swayed by different feelings, the French, during their occupation of

Portugal, effaced or destroyed some of its noblest monuments, including that of Iñez de Castro at Alcobaça; and in an unhappy bucaniering spirit, during the brief stay of a hostile French fleet at Madeira in the late war, they are said to have fired in mere wantonness at the Church of N. S. do Monte.

During the administration of Viscount Sá da Bandeira in 1837 a monument was spoken of, to be erected to Dom Henry on the site of his Observatory at Sagres, in Algarve; but the project ended there, and never went beyond empty words. From the MS. of a Doctor Silva, quoted in the notes to Almeida Garrett's "Dona Branca," I translate the following melancholy description of all that is left of the place once consecrated by the presence of this illustrious benefactor of the human race:—"With horror I saw the theatre of his astronomical observations reduced to ruins. Here, where went forth his glorious expeditions, should every Portuguese be covered with shame, that a stranger expecting to find some distinguished memorial of such heroic deeds should only meet the cadaverous face of a fortress, without means of sustenance or trace of cultivation in all the neighbourhood. Such is the wretchedness and depopulation of this miserable district." This ungrateful treatment of one of her greatest men, is not a singular instance in Portugal. No monument to the illustrious Camóens has been raised in all her dominions. Nay, his very grave in Lisbon is unknown, and when his memory shall be fittingly honoured it must be over a cenotaph. The two last lines of

Almeida Garrett's "Camões" record this almost incredible fact:—

"Nem o humilde lugar, onde repousao
As cinzas de Camões, conhece o Luso."

I trust to see a portion of the funds, accumulated in the Lisbon treasury by the financial abilities of Count Tojal, applied ere long in the erection of suitable monuments to these two worthies of Portugal.

The indisputable priority and splendour of the Portuguese discoveries on the coast of Africa, which even in Henry's time extended to Sierra Leone, in the eighth degree of Northern latitude, (Murphy incorrectly states that they had passed the Line,) have been admirably vindicated within the last two years by Viscount Santarem in Paris. But the independent discovery of America by the Portuguese has not been sufficiently insisted on. "Pedralves" Cabral, (as he is commonly called in Portugal, being the colloquial contraction for Pedro Alvares,) without the slightest reference to the path which Columbus struck out over the Atlantic, took a direction far to the South, and discovered Brazil very shortly after. Cabral did assuredly more than Americus Vesputius who originated nothing, yet neither Columbus nor Cabral has contrived to affix his name to the continents which they respectively discovered. Half a century before Columbus's good fortune, Dom Henry, whose single name is for any country a sufficient glory, had discovered with accuracy the form of the terrestrial globe, and conjectured that ours was balanced by another hemisphere

And the biographers of Columbus agree that, during his stay at Lisbon, he obtained from the widow of the celebrated Portuguese discoverer, Perestrello, letters and other memoranda which stimulated him to his subsequent expedition. With the discovery of Brazil, and the accession of that immense empire, was consummated the glory of Portuguese enterprise, and now was witnessed the astonishing spectacle of a corner of the ancient continent, the smallest European nation, mastering very nearly a moiety of the globe. What Henry's navigators and soldiers had begun was completed by Vasco da Gama, by Pacheco, Albuquerque, and Castro; the entire coast of Africa, North, West, and South, was Portuguese territory, the boundless tracts of India were conquered, and to this mighty empire Cabral united the most extensive district in Southern America. Thus little Lusitania's sceptre had sway in the four quarters of the globe, and a nation which never reckoned more than three millions of inhabitants reigned supreme for a time over half the world. Spain had never a considerable footing either in Africa or Asia, and England alone can rival the by-gone deeds of Portugal. Would to God that my voice could rouse the latter nation to emulate the energies and sustain the glory of its ancestors!

That England too was early in the race of discovery, and capable alone amongst nations of holding, invigorating, and extending what she discovered, conquered, or acquired, is the proud boast of our country. Five years after Columbus crossed the Atlantic, Sebastian Cabot discovered Newfoundland, and planted the British

standard in regions now occupied by vigorous millions of the Anglo-Saxon race. The boundless tracts of Australia, the islands of the far Pacific, were the guerdon of our intrepid sailors' enterprise; and an English captain was the first to circumnavigate the globe.

The subjects of Portuguese history with which I chiefly deal in the poem which follows extend over its most brilliant portion—from the middle of the thirteenth to the end of the fifteenth century, beginning with the conquest of Algarve and final expulsion of the Moors, and ending with the magnificent discoveries originated by Dom Henry, which found their completion in the annexation of India and Brazil. The first memorable incident of which I have availed myself is the murder of Iñez de Castro, a fact so well known to Europe in all its leading circumstances, that it is needless here to recapitulate the details, the more especially as the history is very closely followed in my text. The novelty in my treatment of the subject consists in its tripartite division into "The Murder," "The Revenge," and "The Atonement." The murder alone has been hitherto handled in detail; and to improve in any way upon the epic splendour of Camóens's narrative and the dramatic force of Nicolão Luiz's fine Tragedy was so ridiculously hopeless that I have merely availed myself of whatever little advantage was afforded by throwing the story into the ballad form. "The Revenge" and "The Atonement" are both, however, newly treated, and afforded, I conceive, very suitable materials. The terrible wrath of Pedro, as destructive as that of Achilles, was consum-

mated by one of the most barbarous executions of ancient or modern times; and to reduce in some degree its horrors, though fitting the period, I have supposed the King to be actuated by temporary madness. The manes of Iñez were appeased with an unrivalled display of barbaric magnificence, and shrouded in cloth of gold:—

“O corpo de dona Inez de Castro vinha em huãs undas, cubertas de hum panno de auro.”—*Chronicle of Duarte Nunes.*

The place where the murder of Iñez was perpetrated, and which I call in the text “Santa Clara’s Hall,” adjoins the ancient convent of St. Clair at Coimbra, and is known to this day by the charming poetical name of the “Quinta das Lagrimas” or Garden of Tears. It is seated on the lovely banks of the Mondego, in the sweet valley which bears that name, and fronts the old town. A rocky steep is shown at some distance, to which Pedro retired for a time to bewail the dreadful fate of his beloved. In the Quinta where Iñez was assassinated, springs up a little brook called the “Fonte dos Amores,” or Fountain of Love, and ripples towards the Mondego over red sand-stone, which popular tradition assumes to be the blood of Iñez, and the very trysting-tree was shown to me on the spot, beneath which Pedro and Iñez used to meet and indulge their romantic affections. Though the stern King Afonso did not deem her worthy of the crown, Iñez was nobly born, and before her secret marriage with the Prince Royal was one of the Ladies of the Court. These details are for the first time given to the English public.

The distance which the corpse of Iñez was carried, in her funeral of unrivalled magnificence, was from Coimbra to Alcobaça, 52 English miles. The cavalcade was arranged nearly as stated in the text. It is not clearly known of what material the *vaso* was composed, which the courtiers wore on their robes, but it was of a dark colour and did not much differ from our modern crape. It was worn here in all ancient interments of distinguished persons, and may still be seen at the Royal funerals of Portugal, descending to the heels of the official mourners. Almeida Garrett alludes to it thus in his poem of “Camões,” Cant. II. :—

Alas sao essas de homens todos lucto
De escuro vaso e longo dó vestidos.

At all the old Portuguese funerals professional female mourners, called “Carpideiras” (recorded in the text) shrieked and tore their hair; but the custom, which came to the Portuguese from the Romans, has been long extinct.

At the death of Ferdinand, Iñez’s son, who succeeded his father on the throne, fearful dissensions arose as to the succession which was claimed by the King of Castile. The brave and brilliant bastard, Dom John (afterwards John the First) son by a beautiful Galician lady to the faithful Pedro, whose fidelity did not extend beyond an abstinence from marriage vows to a state of pure celibacy, was proclaimed Protector, and subsequently King, chiefly through the mad intrepidity of a cooper’s apprentice; and the victory of Aljubarota established his

dynasty. It was in his reign that Madeira was discovered.

The Afonso, whose cruelty to his brother forms the subject of the ballad "The Keys of Coimbra," was the third of the name and the celebrated conqueror of Algarve, an event which took place in the year 1250 and to which the Spanish order of Knighthood of Santiago most materially contributed. I find by the interesting Chronicle of Duarte Nunez a fact most honourable to the chivalrous reputation of Portugal—that the great bulk of the members of this renowned Castilian order, whose prodigious exploits against the Moors covered more than a century, was for a considerable period composed of Portuguese, and the Grand Master of the Order at the conquest of Algarve was likewise a Portuguese, the brave D. Payo Peres Corrêa.

The murder of Iñez de Castro occurred precisely a century later than the conquest of Algarve, and its official record is a curious monument of subserviency to Royal wishes. The violent circumstances of the occurrence are suppressed, and the sanguinary deed assumes this judiciary character: "7°. die Januarii decolata fuit dona Enes per mandatum domini Regis Alfonsi IIII."

The effigy of Iñez in white marble recumbent on her splendid tomb in Alcobaca may be seen to this day. The face is of angelic beauty, and the form of corresponding grace. Gazing on it, I could almost excuse Dom Pedro's fierce revenge. She wears the Royal robes, with a crown on her head. It is undoubtedly a portrait statue, and was executed in that age. Yet, lovely as it is,

some modern Goths of France during their invasion of the Peninsula mutilated this statue !

Of all the striking events in the chivalrous history of ancient Portugal, the most memorable and important is the battle of Aljubarota, in which 7,000 Portuguese conquered 30,000 Spaniards on the 14th August, 1385. The independence of Portugal was the prize at stake. The relative proportion of numbers was about the same as that of ours and the French at Crécy, though upon a much smaller scale (Edward had 30,000 and Philip 120,000 men) and although there was no such marvellous result in this Peninsular contest as the well attested slaughter of six-and-thirty thousand French, including two crowned heads, twelve hundred Knights, and fourteen hundred gentlemen, while the English lost but three Knights, one esquire, and a few hundred of inferior rank, yet the Portuguese achieved a victory little less splendid, destroying a fourfold Spanish army and the flower of Castilian chivalry. This battle which was fought on the banks of the Guadiana, took place 34 years before the discovery of Madeira, and the brave young bastard, Dom John, whom it seated firmly on the throne, establishing permanently the succession in his family, continued to reign for some time after the discovery, and signalized his reign by the first expedition of the Portuguese to Africa and the conquest of Ceuta in 1415, at which Zargo the discoverer of Madeira greatly distinguished himself. Both the King and his sons were highly educated and enlightened, and indeed they were the most accomplished family of their time in Europe. One of

these sons, Fernando, subsequently became a martyr at Tanger, because with the concurrence of the Pope it was deemed advisable to sacrifice him, rather than the Moors should regain Ceuta. The valour of Dom John himself, who was popularly known in his youth as the Master of the chivalrous Order of Aviz (Mestre d'Aviz) contributed greatly to his brilliant victories, and equally or still more efficient was the powerful arm of Nuno Alvares Pereira, known as "O Condestabre" or the Constable. The prodigious personal strength and bravery of these two men, the King and Constable, is attested by satisfactory evidence, and I have witnessed myself a sufficient proof in the case of Dom John, the portrait statue which reposes in stalwart dimensions on his tomb in the Battle Abbey of Portugal. This magnificent convent was erected by Dom John, in gratitude for his victory, at the place now called Batalha, some 60 miles N. W. of Lisbon, and here are to be found both his own monument and that of his English Queen Philippa, and likewise the monuments of three of his illustrious and gifted sons, of whom the most famous was Dom Henry the Conquistador, who originated the discovery of Madeira. The bodies of the Spanish Hidalgos slain in this memorable battle are buried in the other magnificent convent of Alcobaça, whose establishment was contemporaneous with the foundation of the monarchy, and which the labours of Murphy and of Beckford have immortalized.

The affecting trait of loyalty recorded in the ballad "Don Sancho" is strictly historical. The death of Dom Sancho II. took place in 1248. His successor

was Afonso III. All the incidents of the ballad very closely follow the historical narrative. The name of the usurper Afonso is changed for its Spanish equivalent Alonzo, and of Sancho's unfortunate Queen, Dona Mecia, for the more musical appellation of "Rosalinda," which in the Portuguese signifies "Lovely Rose," and may therefore be fairly taken as descriptive of her surpassing beauty. The name which I have given to De Freitas's war-horse, "Relâmpago," is the expressive Portuguese word for lightning.

The ballad of "Lindarajar" is one of the few old Moorish romances which may at times be heard in Madeira. Some of the inhabitants still present palpable traces of the Moorish type, and pure specimens may be seen at intervals. Gazúl of Algarve was perhaps the most popular hero of Moorish Spain, and, in illustration of the text, I find him thus spoken of in the *Romancero de Romances Moriscos* :

— "Gazul . . . por su valor
" Es Alcaide de Algava."

"Algarb is corruptly called Algarve," says Barros, dec. 1. p. 1. The name is derived from the Arabic *al garb*, "the West," and was applied in the days of Moorish splendour both to the South-Western extremity of Europe and the North-Western corner of Africa. Duarte Nunes de Leão, Bluteau, and other Portuguese writers erroneously assert that Algarve in Arabic signifies "a level and fertile country," but Fr. João de Sousa in his "*Vestigios da lingua Arabica em Portugal*" says that he cannot dis-

cover where they found this derivation, since every Arabic writer and even the common people take it to signify the West. At the foundation of the Portuguese monarchy, Afonso Henriques took simply the title of "King of Portugal" which was confirmed by the Córtes or Estates of the Kingdom at Lamego. After the conquest of Algarve by Sancho and Afonso III. in the 13th century, was added the title "and of Algarve." The modern addition "and of the Algarves, both here and beyond the sea in Africa" was not taken until the conquest was extended to the western part of Barbary by the successors of Afonso III. in the 14th and 15th centuries. There had previously been a very extensive Moorish kingdom "of the Algarbs," to which reference is here made, and of which Gazul, one of the most illustrious Morisco heroes, was Alcaide, which united in one empire the south of Spain and Portugal from Almeria near Granada to Cape St. Vincent, and from Tlemcen in Africa by Ceuta and Tanger to the Kingdom of Fez.

The "Giant-Til" relates to a fact which is perfectly well attested. This Til was standing until two centuries and-a-half ago in the Cadea Velha, now an almost central street in Funchal. Its branches covered nearly the entire space between the two rivers, measuring fully a thousand paces round, and the fact that ten men with arms outstretched and clasped hands could not embrace its trunk is thus recorded by the nearly contemporary testimony of Manoel Thomas in a note:—"Dez homens o não podião juntos abraçar." The use to which I assume this Til to have been applied is sufficiently

probable, its wood being an excellent substitute for mahogany, and the splendour with which the saloons of the ships composing the Invincible Armada were fitted up being matter of history.

The subject of "Don Sebastian" is of powerful interest, and has lately been introduced to an English audience in ludicrous travesty at the Italian Opera. This gallant but hare-brained young monarch met with a fate which it was not difficult to anticipate, considering the rashness with which he led about 18,000 men against 150,000 Moors, headed by the powerful Muley Moloch, Emperor of Morocco, and the most lamentable misfortune is that the flower of the Portuguese chivalry perished with him. The name of "Agarenes" by which I call the Moors is common in Spanish literature. Thus :—

— Insigne capitán,
Que de Agarenas huestes la osadia, &c.
Las armas de Aragon en
Oriente, Barcelona, 1842.

"Agarenes" means the descendants of Hagar, like "Ishmaelites" a generic name for Mahometans. Tarik was the Moorish general who in conjunction with the traitor Count Julian led the Saracen troops in their first invasion of Spain, and gave his name to both Gibraltar (Ghibel-al-Tarik) and Tarifa. I have therefore introduced his shade as instigating his descendants to avenge the conquest of Granada and the expulsion of its last Moorish Sovereign, Boabdil. I have touched upon the unsuccessful overtures made by Dom Sebastian to Philip II. and other European monarchs to join him in his

perilous enterprize. The “great Afonso” by whose example Sebastian is supposed to be inspired was the founder of the Portuguese Monarchy in the twelfth century, and the exclamation of Sebastian that “five Kings must fall” before he attains to Afonso’s renown is an allusion to the battle of Campo de Ourique in which Afonso defeated five Moorish Kings, and placed their five shields upon the arms of Portugal, where they remain to the present day, and are known as the Quinas or national standard. The decisive battle between the forces of Sebastian and Muley Moloch, took place on the banks of the Alcacerquivir in Morocco, on the 4th of August, 1578. That battle was made memorable by the deaths of three Kings, two of whom were Moorish and the third was Dom Sebastian. It is certain that no one saw Sebastian fall; but he disappeared from the scene of combat, and this circumstance was sufficient to produce the dismay and destruction of his followers. His entire army was either slaughtered or reduced to captivity. Sebastian never re-appeared, and though none saw the fatal blow inflicted the most probable supposition is that he was slain on the field of battle. Four years after there arrived in Lisbon, sent by the Shereefe of Morocco, a body which was said to be that of Dom Sebastian, and was buried in the Convent of Belem, when the following inscription was placed over it, indicating the uncertainty which hung over his fate:—

Conditur hoc tumulo, si vera est fama, Sebastus,
Quem tulit in Lybicus mors properata plagis.
Nec dicas falli Regem qui vivere credat,
Pro lege extincto mors quasi vita fuit.

The singular fact that no man witnessed his death, gave rise to the fantastic but most imaginative popular superstition, traces of which lingered years and ages after his death, that Sebastian would reappear! This delirious hope is not yet even totally extinguished; no gloomy day occurs that the exclamation does not become general: "*Este è um dia de Dom Sebastião*" (This is a day of Dom Sebastian.) And I have been more than once surprised to hear his re-appearance spoken of amongst the lower orders at Lisbon and elsewhere, as a thing not entirely impossible.

The idea that the disastrous result of Dom Sebastian's expedition was a terrible retribution for the grievous errors and excesses committed by Portugal in the latter part of her triumphant career, is as little forced in a poetical or even philosophical point of view as it is eminently moral in the lesson which it inculcates. Senhor Garrett has urged the same idea very forcibly in his poem of Camóens. The following list of ingritudes will sufficiently illustrate my text. Pacheco died covered with rags in an hospital, after gaining seven glorious victories by land and sea against the Samorin and other Oriental potentates. Albuquerque was disgraced through the intrigues of his enemies after achieving his most splendid victories. His conquests covered the extensive range of Persia, Ormuz, Muscate, Goa, Java, and Malacca. Castro, a powerful conqueror and the most virtuous of administrators, died in extreme poverty, reduced in his last moments to beg the necessaries of life. Camóens, the sweet and sublime poet, who has

done more for the glory of Portugal than any other of her sons, by making the fame of her ancient achievements European, Camóens likewise died in an hospital; and while he there lay stretched on his wretched pallet, a faithful negro slave, Antonio, his only human friend, begged from door to door for his master! I sat in the same seat composed of glazed tiles, in the ancient Palace of Cintra, where Dom Sebastian near three centuries since listened to Camóens reading his poem of the *Lusiad*, but subsequently neglected and contemned him, and where at a somewhat later period the same Dom Sebastian addressed his assembled magnates and nobles before his fatal expedition. I could not refrain from imagining that an invisible chalice of Expiation had there been held to the thoughtless young monarch's lips, which he was soon to drain to the uttermost drop, and his bloody spectre seemed to arise and flit before me from the field of Alcacerquivir to inculcate this fearful warning: "Let the self-willed beware!"

Of all these wronged and neglected heroes, the most illustrious was Dom John de Castro, one of the purest patriots to whom any country has ever given birth, the very soul of honour, who though with a sensitive heart, yet stern as another Brutus gave his son to death rather than compromise his country's interests and glory. His achievements at Diu were worthy of a military hero of the highest class, and he was a pattern of integrity and every administrative virtue. Sublime in his disinterestedness, he would only take for his reward the Penha Verde at Cintra, a barren rock but command-

ing a most beautiful prospect, where I have often sat and sighed for such men to arise once more in Portugal.

The purity of this admirable patriot is perhaps unparalleled in history. I translate from Jacinto Freire a portion of the speech which he made on his death-bed to the authorities of Goa:—"I am not ashamed, Senhores, to tell you that to the Viceroy of India there are wanting in this his sickness the common conveniences, which the poorest soldier finds in the hospital. I came to serve, and not to traffic, in the East, and to yourselves have I sought to pledge the bones of my son, and have pledged *the hairs of my beard*, because for your security I had no other plate or tapestry. To-day there is not money enough in this house to buy myself a fowl; for in the expeditions which I have made, the soldiers eat the salary of their Governor before the pay of their King." On his death there was only a vintem (*a single penny*) found in all his house. Led by such men the arms of this petty, but once how glorious, kingdom, triumphed from the fortress of Ceuta along the shores of Africa and Asia to remote Macao, and from Rio de la Plata to the Amazons. If Castro was terrible in war, he was also the benefactor of his kind by pacific achievements, for he carried from the East the first orange tree that ever was seen in Europe. To him may be justly applied the proud motto of Bayard, his contemporary;—" *Sans peur et sans reproche !* "

The consequences of Dom Sebastian's disastrous expedition to Africa were fatal to the pre-eminence and power of Portugal. The weak Cardinal-King, Dom

Henry, reigned but two years after the death or disappearance of Sebastian, and a number of rival claimants then put forth their pretensions to the Lusitan crown. Amongst these were the singular pretensions of Pope Gregory XIII., who claimed the kingdom as a feoff of Rome from the period of its foundation, and (a fact little known in England) of our own Queen Elizabeth, who appears to have claimed upon no other ground than that she was ambitious, for the only shadow of a claim which England could advance was a collateral descent from Queen Philippa, the consort of Dom John I. and daughter of John of Gaunt. But amongst all these rival postulants there was none who could resist the influence and the gold of Philip II. of Spain; in 1580 this monarch took possession of the throne of Portugal, which he held with his successors for a period of 60 years; and since that period the sovereigns of the Escorial have worn the title of "Kings of all the Spains." Madeira of course followed the fate of the mother-country, and with how pernicious an effect upon her welfare is attested by De Freitas's MS.—"A nossa negociação, a nossa agricultura, a nossa fortuna, de todo acabarão, quando cahimos na sujeição Hespanhola." The events of the glorious Revolution of 1640, which placed the House of Braganza on the throne of Portugal, are faithfully described hereafter.

The fate of Vasconcellos, the Castilian Vice-Queen's Minister, whose bold badness of character made him a fearful tool in the hands of the invaders of his country, is but too familiar to the readers of Peninsular History as the fruit of intense political hatred; and of late years two

similar instances occurred about the same period in Spain and Portugal, when Quesada was torn in pieces and trampled into dust in the former country and the infamous Telles Jordão was hewn into minute fragments in the latter. The independence of Portugal was not secured without a serious struggle, which the crowned Duke of Braganza had to maintain for many years, until the contest was finally decided by the brilliant victories of Evora and Montes-Claros, which humbled the pride of Don John of Austria and the Marquis of Carracena. From that period down to the present time the alliance of England and Portugal has been close and constant, and our arms have repeatedly assisted the latter country in successfully resisting the invasions both of Spain and France.

The history of the sugar cultivation of Madeira is very interesting. I translate the following account from De Freitas's MS. "The first sugar-mill was constructed by Diogo Vas de Teive in 1452, in pursuance of a contract formed with Dom Henry, and so great was the augmentation of its growth that in the year 1500 there were more than 120 of these *engenhos*, and the quinto of sugar (the proportion which went to the Crown) amounted to 30,000 arrobas (or a million of lbs. English). Portugal, Spain, and Italy were the principal importers of this sugar in muscovado, in refined loaves, in molasses, treacle, and various conserves.

"During the Spanish usurpation, that nation struggling with Holland, at enmity with England, weighing on Italy whose states she disturbed, and fomenting

internal discords in France, kept away the merchant-ships of those several countries from the ports of Portugal. The policy of the Philips, and their unjust and violent government, fell with a fearfully oppressive weight on the Island, and we saw our greatest article of export, sugar, dwindle almost to nothing from the year 1600, through the abundance which began to be produced at different points in America." He adds the popular belief that a worm had destroyed the cane; but the ravages of this worm are not confined to Madeira. These historical details suggested to me the ballad of "The Sugar-loaves." It is a remarkable fact that the sugar-cane was first conveyed from Madeira to Brazil and the West Indies.

The incident recorded in "The Eye of Camóens," is strictly historical. The occurrence took place in the reign of John III.

The history of "The Beautiful Nun," Maria Clementina, is well known. She is now somewhat advanced beyond the prime of life, few traces of her former beauty are left, and she lives, as usual, in the Convent of St. Clair at Funchal, where she may be seen without difficulty. She is fond of conversation, gay, and perhaps a little giddy in character, but most of what has been written about her is absurdly destitute of foundation. She is certainly no saint, but is tolerably observant of the rules of conventual life. It was the establishment of the Constitutional government in Portugal, in 1822, which gave her an opportunity of retiring from the Convent,

where she was detained however by sickness. She is still a nun, and will die in that condition.

The legend of "Verissimo's Beacon" has been versified by an island poet who attests its authenticity.

The chivalrous accessories with which I have surrounded Zargo and Tristão are in accordance with the costume of their age. They are strictly entitled to a poetical association with Trovador and Escudeiro. Trovador, Troubadour, Escudeiro, Escuyer, 'Scuyer, Squire—such are the singular analogies of language. I have arrayed Tristão in "greave, cuirass, cuiss, and hauberk" upon good authority; it was the age of plate-armour, by which chain-mail was then entirely superseded; and a few years before, our Henry the Fifth had achieved his marvels at Harfleur and Azincour.

"On the 21st August, 1508," says Dr. de Freitas's MS. "the city of Funchal was established, with its Camera equal to that of Lisbon in privileges." It was made a bishoprick in 1514, and elevated to the dignity of an archbishoprick and primacy of the Ultramar by bull of the 8th January, 1539, which position it retained till 1547 when the Archbishoprick of Goa was erected. (Hist. Insul. L. III.)

St. James the Less was made the patron saint of the Island about half a century posterior to the discovery. I have assumed in the text that he was so in Zargo's time, and that Zargo bore his standard at the consecration of the Church of N. S. do Calhão. The anachronism will be excused. St. James was appointed the patron with a

view to the removal of a plague with which the Island was at that period visited, (V. Insulana) and since the disappearance of this scourge (the only evil of the kind with which Madeira has ever been afflicted) the Municipal Chamber of Funchal walks in state, as recorded in the text, once a year to the Church of Socorro, to commemorate the fruit of Santiago's intercession. The Irmandades (Religious Brotherhoods) referred to hereafter, were established very early in the history of the Island. Zargo had a preference for the order of Franciscans, and hence nearly all the convents established here were of that order, including the celebrated Convent of St. Clair. The Jesuits came to the Island in 1566, in one of the vessels which Dom Sebastian despatched to the relief of Funchal from the invasion of the French Huguenots, which is recited in detail hereafter.

Simão Gonzalves da Camara, Zargo's grandson, and third Captain of Funchal, was so splendid in his style of living and so regal in the number of his retainers (in this respect the counterpart of our great Earl of Warwick) that he obtained the surname of "Magnificent." This personage, in the reign of Dom Emanuel, "Rei Felicissimo" (so named from the discovery of India) repaired to Africa with 13 ships armed with cannon, and there maintained no fewer than 1200 Madeirese soldiers at his own expense. (Ins. vi. 3.) Joining the Royal army, he gained many victories over the Moors in Barbary, and passed thither from the Island *nine times* in similar successful expeditions. It is related by Manoel Thomas—but the story is problematical—that Zargo's

eldest son, the second Captain, with a single blunderbuss (trabuco) wielded in his own powerful hands—he undoubtedly did much in Africa to rival the feats of his father—deterred a Spanish piratical expedition from landing. This weapon should have been preserved. The Castilians were peculiarly jealous of the Portuguese discoveries in the Atlantic, before the period of their own more successful discovery of America, and made many attempts to gain possession of this Paradise with whose praises all Europe then resounded. But Zargo and his immediate descendants frustrated all their attempts, and for a century and a half no invader effected a footing on the Island.

The fourth Captain, João Gonzalves da Camara, was little less magnificent than his father. He repaired to Lisbon with 800 foot soldiers, all well born (Ins. vii. 22) and 200 horse, whose services against the Moors he offered to the King, and proceeded by the Royal authority to Barbary, where he reaped various military successes, particularly in the victorious siege of Azamor. Here I find a Duke of Braganza (the germ of the future Sovereigns of Portugal) for the first time obtaining military distinction. It was in the reign of Dom Emanuel, and at the close of the 15th century.

During the Captaincy of Simão Gonzalves da Camara, the fifth in descent from Zargo, in October 1566 three French ships anchored in the small bay of Praya Formosa to the west of Funchal, and landing about 1,000 men took and plundered the city. The Funchalese mustered 700 armed men, and fought well but were overcome, as could scarcely have been avoided, consider-

ing their state of unpreparedness, since they were able to muster but two arquebuses amongst them (Ins. vii.) while the bulk of their adversaries were supplied with fire-arms. The French held possession 15 days, and took their departure immediately before the arrival of the squadron from Lisbon, which the Governor had sent for when they first made their appearance. These lawless, predatory men were Huguenots who had come from Rochelle, and slew more than 300 Funchalese at the entrance to the city, in their assault on the Bulwark of S. Lourenço, which is still the Governor's Castle. Profound peace prevailed between France and Portugal, and there was no pretence whatever for this outrage, nor was indeed any alleged. They managed unfortunately to escape with the fruits of their shameless robbery, carrying with them all the treasures, jewellery, and precious effects of the citizens. Simão Gonzalves, the Captain through whose remissness Funchal so severely suffered, was subsequently created Conde de Calheta, for what services it is difficult to conjecture.

The French were stimulated to this outrage, and assisted in its execution, by a Portuguese traitor named Gaspar Caldeira, a sea-captain, who was prompted by feelings of revenge against the Portuguese Government for some severe colonial regulations issued shortly before (Manoel de Menezes, *Chronica del Rey D. Sebastiam*). The Admiral who commanded the fleet despatched from Lisbon to the relief of the Island was Sebastiam da Sá, Capitão-Môr of Oporto. The ancient authorities (who nevertheless are alone to be relied on) differ very much

in their details of the Island history. In stating, as above, the number of those who fell at the Bulwark of S. Lourenço I follow Manoel Thomas, as being an Island writer ; but Menezes states that they were under two hundred, “*perto de duzentas pessoas.*” He adds that the armada of relief was fitted out at Lisbon, “in less than eight days, with a rapidity never seen before,” that the total amount of property of which the islanders were robbed reached to a million and a half of gold pieces (*milhão e meyo de ouro*) and that while the French had occupation of the town, the inhabitants betook themselves to the Serra, where they hid during the 15 days that Funchal was in possession of the enemy. An additional outrage which he declares them to have perpetrated was carrying off all the small pieces of artillery which they could find, and spitefully breaking in pieces those of calibre too great to be conveniently removed to their ships. I should add that the Chronicle of Menezes is of the highest authority. He winds up his account in most expressive Portuguese thus :—“*Quando chegarão já os ladroens Francezes se tinham retirado*”—“When the fleet arrived the French robbers had decamped.” With this event terminates the more interesting portion of the history of Madeira, which is identified with Zargo’s immediate descendants ; for in six years after, the first Spanish Governor, Herrera, took possession of the Island for Philip II.

In order to convey to the reader a clear idea of the progress of Portuguese discovery, I have compiled the following chronological summary :—

In 1412 the Great Dom Henry commenced to apply himself to navigation and chorography, and first conceived his designs of discovery.

In 1418 the Island of Porto Santo was discovered by Bartholomeu Perestrello. This discovery appears to have been chiefly accidental. Porto Santo is about 50 miles distant from Madeira, and the latter Island cannot be with distinctness seen from it.

In 1419 Madeira was discovered by João Gonzalves Zargo and Tristão Vaz Texeira.

In 1425 the Islands of Madeira and Porto Santo were peopled, the sugar-cane was brought from Sicily, and the Malmsey-grape from Calabria (some say that the Malmsey came from the Island of Candia).

In 1430 the Portuguese doubled Cape Bojador, and thus threw open the entire Western coast of Africa to their subsequent discoveries. This passage, which some state to have occurred in the year 1433, was effected by Gil Eannes, a native of Lagos.

In 1432 the Azores were first discovered by Gonzalo Velho Cabral.

In 1438 Dom Henry organized his famous school of Astronomy, Cosmography, and Navigation at Sagres in Algarve.

In 1440 Senegal was discovered by Diniz Fernandes.

In 1444 Cape Verd discovered by the same.

In 1445 the coast of Africa was discovered as far as the Gambia.

In 1446 and 1447 this discovery was pushed to the rivers Grande, Nuno, and Tabite.

In 1460 died Dom Henry the Conquistador in his town of Villa Nova do Infante, which he himself had built on the promontory of Sagres, near Cape St. Vincent. The Portuguese had by this time reached as far as Sierra Leone in 8 degrees of N. latitude.

In 1471 were discovered St. Thomas's and Prince's Islands.

In 1486 Bartholomeu Dias first discovered the Cape of Good Hope, and doubling it proceeded as far as Rio do Infante on the E. coast of Africa.

In 1487 Covilham and Payva proceeded by land to Abyssinia and to India.

In 1497 set out the famous expedition of Vasco da Gama, in the glorious reign of Dom Emanuel, and returned in 1499 to Lisbon after discovering India.

In 1500, with the close of the century, Pedro Alvares Cabral completed this splendid list of discoveries by the finding of an unknown continent, which he called the "Terra da Vera Cruz," and which is known to-day as Brazil.

The most authentic works in existence, with reference to Madeira, are the *Insulana* of Manoel Thomas, the *Historia Insulana* of the Jesuit Cordeyro, and the *Decadas* of Barros. Manoel Thomas's *Insulana* was published in 1635, five years before the accession of the House of Braganza to the throne of Portugal. The facts in this book may generally be relied on, notwithstanding that from first to last it is in a poetical form. It is in truth a metrical chronicle, with the addition of sundry mythological and classical allusions, but as a poem possesses no merit. It

is a weak, but very ambitious imitation of the *Lusiadas* of Camóens, published half a century before, and is written in the same measure. The author, however, displays extraordinary stores of learning, and is extremely able and minute in his enumeration and description of the various productions of the Island and the sea around its coasts. There is likewise a poor modern poem, the *Zar-gueida*, which did not assist me with a single idea, and is merely a *réchauffée* of the older poem. The *Insulana* was in the lifetime of its author regarded by his insulated countrymen as a work of unparalleled genius, but its fame has not extended further than Madeira, and doubtless never will. Manoel Thomas was a native of Guimaraens in the North of Portugal and became a Canon of Funchal. Amongst the various tributes to his genius collected at the commencement of his work is one from Raymond Biard, French Consul at that period in the Island of Madeira, from which I extract the following stanza more for its singularity than its excellence :

Thomas aujourd'huy nous découure
 Ce qu'on ne peut trop estimer,
 Sa plume est si dure qu'elle ouure
 Un roch au milieu de la mer !

By those who study coincidences, it will be regarded as remarkable that the only genuine poet ever produced by the island is the present French Consul at Funchal, Senhor José Antonio Monteiro Texeira, who composes with equal facility in the French and Portuguese languages has a fine satirical vein, and has written many verses worthy of Voltaire. I give a specimen hereafter. His

Portuguese compositions are for the most part occasional and fugitive, but many of them are excellent, and I trust he will collect and publish them.

Of the distinguished individuals, who were natives of the Island of Madeira, Manoel Alvarez, the celebrated author of the Latin Prosody and of other eminent philological works, was born in Ribeira Brava on the S. W. shore. I am not aware that this fact has been before communicated to Europe. Alvarez was a member of the Order of Jesuits, and according to the testimony of Manoel Thomas (Ins. V. 69,) “*varão sancto*,” a holy man. João Fernando Vieira was an eminent military Captain, and the principal General, besides Barreto, who followed up Cabral’s discovery of Brazil with the splendid victories which secured that immense possession to Portugal. He was a native of Agoa da Pena in this island, which he left for Brazil in his 12th year. His real name was Francisco d’Ornellas.

But of all Madeira’s sons by far the most illustrious is Count Tojal, the present Finance Minister of Portugal, who has solved at last the almost hopeless problem of regulating and placing on a permanent and unshaken basis the confused finances of his country. His unwearyed assiduity and great abilities have succeeded at the end of three years’ office in the difficult task of equalizing revenue and expenditure, and even in providing a respectable surplus. Though I have long been honoured with his particular friendship, I am incapable of eulogizing where I do not thoroughly esteem. I write with adequate knowledge when I accord this humble testimony, and

add that the name of Tojal will long be remembered amongst those of the most eminent European financiers.

The praise awarded to the construction of the Levadas or water courses, with which the island abounds, is not in the least degree overcharged, and I must likewise include the extensive plantations of pines with which the Serra has of late been covered, originated by my enterprising friend, Senhor Luiz d'Ornellas, brother to the Peer of that name.

The pleasing sensations excited by the view of Funchal, seated on its "crescent-bay," with the Serra stretching far above, are not at all exaggerated. The town was called Funchal by Zargo from the quantity of fennel (*funcho*) that grew on the spot. The bay, poor as it is for commercial purposes, was yet a sufficient indentation on the rock-bound coast of this Island to invite the first discoverers, and there Zargo determined to found his capital, and built a church dedicated to the Nativity of the Virgin, which he called N. S. do Calhão, and which was swept away in the flood of 1803. The Peak Castle, the Mount Church, and the Loo Rock are, as described in the text, the most picturesque and prominent objects. The name "Loo" is the British Sailor's corruption of the Portuguese name "Ilheo," which signifies a small island. In the same manner our gallant but unsophisticated tars have metamorphosed the Portuguese name of the "Desertas" or Desert Islands adjoining Madeira to the truly British appellation of "Deserters," a nautical joke implying that these irregular masses of rock have deserted from the mainland. By a similar alchemy of language the

Straits of Magalhaens (a Portuguese discoverer) have been commuted to Magellan's Straits, and Livorno into Leghorn. Cape Garajão is called from a sea-fowl of that name.

Amongst the prevalent errors relating to the early history of Madeira is one which asserts that Zargo and Tristão landed first at Cama dos Lobos; and the author of "Rambles in Madeira" asserts without hesitation that the two Discoverers first landed there together in 1419 or 1420. This is entirely erroneous, and demonstrates the danger of a person otherwise of the greatest ability writing upon such subjects with an imperfect knowledge of the language. In addition to the clearest and most distinct tradition, that the first landing was effected at Machico,—Barros, Galvão, Manoel Thomas, and all the oldest authorities, unhesitatingly concur in this statement. More than 20 years have elapsed since "Rambles in Madeira" was written; and the exigencies of a more searching literary and historical criticism have made a great advance since then. Did the able author of the book in question write in the present day, he would assuredly have been more careful in his researches and accurate in his statements of fact than to record, as he has done in his very first page, the astounding blunder that Point S. Lourenço is the most Western point of the Island, it being in reality the most Eastern point.

The town of Machico is entirely destitute of attraction, and would have ill repaid my visit to it had I not been anxious to solve an historical doubt. But the valley of Machico, especially at a distance of about three miles from the town, where the ravine branches off

towards the N. and the N. W., and where intersected by pine-crested ridges it rises towards Sant' Antonio da Serra, is perhaps one of the most splendid specimens of scenery in the world. At Machico I received the greatest attentions from Senhor João Anicete, the Commandant of the District, and from the Vereadores or Aldermen of the Municipal Chamber; but though they had every disposition to throw light on the history of Machin as identified with their locality, not a single record or authentic monument could be found. In Machin's Chapel, as it is called, is a small piece of wood, about the breadth of an ordinary pencil, cruciformly arranged, with an inscription stating that it was found in the Chapel some 30 years ago by a Mr. Page in the shape of a cedar-block. He calls it the remains of Machin's Cross, and this is the only evidence!

Santa Cruz is a pretty town, smaller than Machico, but considerably superior to it in appearance. The public walk is beautifully shaded with plane-trees and laurels, which rise to a height astonishing to Northern eyes. The Camera, or Town Hall, is an ancient building (one of the very few which the Island contains) bearing the date of 1513, being within a century of the discovery of the Island. The "Rambles in Madeira," and the other descriptive books, speak of the cross from which their authors suppose the town to have taken its name, as having been planted by Zargo and Tristão, on a ledge of rocks overhanging the sea in front of the old and ruinous Franciscan convent. I took some pains in investigating the fact, and found that no such cross was

ever planted there, the place having been called Santa Cruz by the Discoverers from the fact of their having found, waving prominently on a cliff, a tree whose branches had grown into something of a cruciform shape. There was indeed a cross standing until some 20 years since in front of the Franciscan convent, but it was planted by the good Franciscans themselves, and was of cedar, not of stone, as the author of "Rambles in Madeira" describes it with great minuteness. The same writer mistakes the pines which crest the hill at some distance for poplars, to which certainly many of the straight-stemmed and lightly-leaved pines of this region bear some resemblance at a distance. The particulars above recorded were certified to me by Morgado Bettencourt, a very intelligent gentleman of Santa Cruz. I may here observe that the Portuguese name "Morgado" is almost the precise equivalent for our English "Squire," and signifies the possessor of an entailed and inalienable estate. I have followed in the text the account which attributes the foundation of the no longer visible cross to Zargo and Tristão, as being in all respects the more poetical and imaginative.

In describing the wonders of Point S. Lourenço, I speak of ten paces separating the Northern and Southern limbs of the Atlantic. The exigencies of poetical language here have led me into something of an exaggeration. There is one point, however, where the promontory is so indented that an isthmus no more than 50 yards across divides the two seas. Though the fossil bed, behind the beautiful and most picturesque green mount

on the summit of which stands the little chapel of N. S. da Piedade, and whence I suppose Zargo and Tristão to have taken a survey of their new territory, does not quite realise the idea of the “petrified forest” so enthusiastically described by Bowdich, it is an object of surpassing interest, and perhaps, next to the petrified district of the Nile, the most perfect of its kind in existence. The impressions recorded hereafter are not, I think, in the least exaggerated. I had the good fortune to gather on the spot some very excellent specimens of these remains.

The effect of the Desertas, when in shadow, is I trust, accurately described. They are fine, bold masses of rock, but with the exception of the production of a little orchilla-weed they never have yet been of any appreciable use. They may undoubtedly however become a valuable possession on a new arrangement of the tobacco revenues, which would admit of the cultivation of this profitable plant, as noticed a little lower down. The rock, alluded to in the text, which stands apart on their Northern extremity, and appears at a distance like a ship under sail, is the subject of an amusing story. A Danish ship of war is said to have discharged a gun to require it to display its colours, and then fired into the rock for disobedience of orders!

Funchal still retains the singular peculiarity of being the only city in existence where no wheeled carriage is to be found. Burthens are conveyed upon sledges drawn by small mountain oxen, and the *genus homo* rides on horseback, in palanquins, or in hammocks. This peculiarity arises from the fact of the Serra nearly surround-

ing the town, and rising precipitously over it. Many of the rides on the Serra are very pleasant, and perhaps its finest portion is the comparatively level tract of Sant' Antonio da Serra, where Dr. Kalley chiefly pursued those recent missionary efforts which he has now discontinued or suspended.

The situation of Funchal and of most of the Island towns, immediately under the formidable Serra, exposes them to fearful accidents from the recurrence of floods in the winter season. The evidences of these disasters are to be seen in the ravines formed by the three rivers upon which Funchal is curiously situated. I witnessed the same, though on a smaller scale, in the valley and river-bed of Machico. At Funchal innumerable bolders have descended to these lower regions, and in some places have been collected together by the people in large heaps to prevent the traffic from being impeded. The floods of 1803 and of 1842 are the most disastrous which have occurred, at least of those upon record. In the former the Church of N. S. do Calhã, founded by Zargo, was swept away, as were also many hundreds of the people. The latter was but little fatal to life, but terribly destructive of property.

The first Church erected in Funchal was built by Zargo, and dedicated to St. Catharine (Ins. V. 57) to whom his wife had a particular devotion (Ins. V. 103). The second Church erected there was that of N. S. do Calhã (Ins. V. 90). The third Church was that of N. S. da Conceição (The Conception) da Cima (Ins. V. 96). The English accounts concur in erroneously asserting

that the first Church was that of Calhão. Cordeyro in his *Historia Insulana* gives similar testimony to Manoel Thomas.

The variety of wines produced in Madeira is very great, and it is necessary to visit the Island to become acquainted with their manifold excellence. The following are the principal growths:—*Sercial*, a strong, dry wine, possessed of great body and flavour and a very fine aroma. This is the most highly prized and dearest of Madeira wines, and must be sixteen years old before it is drank in perfection. *Madeira*, commonly so called, which is produced from many different qualities of grape. It should be eight years in wood before it is drank. The finer descriptions derive their excellent qualities from age and the inherent excellence of the grape alone, but inferior wines are sometimes kept for three months in *Estufas* or rooms heated to 100°, by which the new flavour and acidity are in some degree qualified, and an artificial age imparted. In some cases a variety of grapes—Verdelho, Búal, Negrinha, &c. are all pressed together, and thus is produced what is called London Particular. But there are much finer wines on the Island of extreme purity, from chosen grapes all of the same description, and with little admixture of brandy. *Búal*, a most agreeable light wine, of matchless delicacy of flavour, with less body than ordinary Madeira, making the finest dinner wine in the world, but produced in very small quantity. *Palhete*, a wine of nearly similar character. *Malmsey*, a very rich sweet wine, deriving its peculiar and almost luscious

flavour from the grapes being permitted to hang a considerable time after they are ripe. It is highly prized, and likewise produced in small quantity. *Tinta*, a delicious red wine scarcely ever exported. It is drank when two years old, and combines the qualities of Port and Claret. *Tinto*, a red wine of good quality. *Verdelho*, *Negrinha*, and *Bastardo*, sound and agreeable wines usually mixed with others.

Besides the Malmsey grape which Dom Henry introduced from Calabria, he sent some plants of the then celebrated Cyprus wine—it is doubtful which first. Chaptal, an ancient and respectable authority, declares that Henry introduced the latter in 1420, but it could not have been so soon, the island not having been cleared for agricultural purposes until 6 years later. “En 1420 (he says) les Portugais avoient introduit dans l’île de Medère de plants de celle de Cypre dont le vin passoit alors pour le premiers de l’univers.” Sercial is said to be the Rhine grape transplanted, and *Tinta* the Hermitage introduced from France.

Amongst the curious growths of the Island, I should enumerate arrowroot and sago. The former is produced in great abundance, and sold wholesale at 4*d.* the lb. It seems in short the paradise of invalids. I have also to enumerate the shaddock and the pine-apple, which grows in the open air. To illustrate the universality of production, currants and gooseberries may be had in tolerable quantities, but they want careful culture and are sometimes subject to blight. The bilberry, heaths, and broom, are found on the higher parts of the Serra. The island

yam is preferred by many of the natives to the potato. It is a very small species, the *arum peregrinum* of Persoon, and differs entirely from the West Indian yam, the average weight of which is from 3 to 4 lbs. The calabash, or red and black pompion, is produced in great quantities, and forms with coarse fish (chiefly tunny and horse-mackerel) and milho or maize, the entire food of the poor. Their drink is for the most part water. Poverty here is terrible, and may almost be said to be universal.

The guava and annona are amongst the choicest island fruits. The guava is not much relished by strangers. The annona is otherwise known as the custard-apple. It is of considerable rarity, and only to be obtained from private quintas.

“The slender plant which China’s wealth supplies,”

though it figures in my poetical repertory, is of course but rarely met. Tea and tobacco are grown only as curiosities. For the cultivation of the latter, however, Madeira, Porto Santo, and Desertas are peculiarly fitted, the plant requiring but little soil, and scarcely any water. It would grow profusely on the nearly naked rocks of the Desertas, sun and heat being all that it demands. When the financial prosperity of Portugal, now nearly established, permits the government to close with the existing tobacco monopolist company, the cultivation of this plant will be a magnificent resource for the inhabitants of these islands, whose sugar crop has unhappily slipped through their hands and whose wine exportation has of late years been materially reduced. The coffee of Madeira is a most

magnificent production, and fully equal to the best of Mocha. I had several trees in my small Quinta, and drank with great zest the beverage which they supplied. The moment the berries get brown, which they do early in the year, they are fit to be plucked, and should be dried for about a week in the sun. They should always be roasted and ground immediately before use, by which process the wild Arabs produce the liquid to such perfection in the midst of the Desert. If used shortly after being plucked, the beverage has a somewhat fierce and bitter taste. The berries should therefore be kept at least a year before use. The strawberry likewise grows in considerable perfection.

In my enumeration of delicacies I have properly included the turtle. The finer descriptions are not, however, found on the island. Hence the English market is supplied chiefly from the West Indies. Those which are found in Madeira are usually of the larger size, weighing from 30 to 60 pounds. The price for which they are commonly sold in the market is from 1s. to 2s. each.

The boast that “no reptile venomous” is to be found here, is no exaggeration. The peculiar humidity of the atmosphere, arising from the peculiarity of the island being one mountain arising to a considerable elevation in the midst of the sea, accounts for this phenomenon. Noxious things have no existence here, and are said to die as soon as landed. The ants, however, are an incessant nuisance, and the flies are rather venomous.

Of the Island flowers, whether indigenous or naturalized, I have of course introduced into the text only the

more striking and those whose names are adapted for poetry. Such splendid flowers as the Cardinal and the numerous variety of Eternelles were precluded by the uncouthness of their names. The exquisite Camelia and the chosen family of China and Japan roses are to be seen in great perfection in the splendid but now rather neglected Quinta of the Palheiro, high up the Serra. Upon all that relates to the island Flora and Herbarium, as well as to its stratification and whatever interests the naturalist, Bowdich is a most satisfactory authority; but his avocations were too exclusive to permit of much accuracy in other matters more interesting to ordinary readers. In the names of localities he is for the most part incorrect. Thus he calls Cama dos Lobos "Camera de Lobos," the Paül, "Poul," and the Curral, "Coural." In this respect, however, he is not at all singular, for the ignorance of the Portuguese language, customs, and history, which abounds in the scores of little books which have been written about Madeira, is positively astounding.

The island of Madeira is in figure an irregular quadrangle, very oblong and stretching from East to West. It is situate in 32 degrees, $37\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, north latitude, and in 17 degrees longitude, West of Greenwich. It is distant about 80 leagues N. by E. from Teneriffe, 120 leagues from Cape Cantin, on the coast of Africa, 17 leagues S. W. from Porto Santo, and nearly 100 leagues from the Isle of Ferro.

The annual range of atmospheric pressure is very small, and throughout the entire year there are only 73 days on which any rain falls.

There is nothing in the shape of ancient art worth observing in Madeira, except the interior of the Cathedral at Funchal, which is stately and curious, though the exterior of the edifice is poor and meagre ; the College Church ; four fine old paintings in the Church of Socorro, with one still older in the sacristy ; and the Municipal Camera at Santa Cruz, a very ancient and curious building whose date I have already recorded. The old Municipal Camera at Funchal fronts the Government House near the unfinished pier, and contains nothing remarkable except the two-fold arms of the Crown of Portugal and the Municipality, displayed on the exterior. The municipal arms are represented in hammered iron over the entrance gate. The sugarloaves form the letter X, and the supporters, which are felicitously chosen, are a wreath of vine and a sugarcane in leaf. Neither the Governor's Castle nor the old gallery of portraits presents any thing very noticeable.

The grandeur of the coast is not the least remarkable feature about this lovely region ; and those who like me have threaded its mazes will readily excuse the enthusiastic ardour with which I speak of Ocean "rolling in thunder 'gainst the basalt shore." The formation of nearly the entire coast is basaltic, intermixed with copious scoria. The black, bold masses into which it has thus been violently thrown give to it upon every side that it is approached a peculiar air of savage sublimity.

With regard to the heights of the several objects of interest above the level of the sea, amongst the various conflicting accounts Bowdich's authority may be taken as the best. My personal observation concurs for the

most part (so far as an invalid could verify such matters) with this writer's statements. Pico Ruivo is stated by Bowdich to be 6,164 feet above the level of the sea; the bottom of the Curral 2,080 feet above the sea; the higher ridge dividing the Curral from the Serra d'Agoa 4,161 feet. The actual depth of the Curral, therefore, from the highest point of its surrounding precipices is 2,080 feet, and the height of the Curral above the sea is precisely the same. Cape Girão is about 1,600 feet above the sea, being considerably the highest cliff in the world. The terror which its aspect inspires, for its sublimity is undoubtedly akin to this feeling, becomes enhanced by a lengthened contemplation of its grandeur. It grows upon the gaze. The Rock of Gibraltar, in its highest part where it fronts Spain, is about 1,200 feet in height, and did not at all so much affect me. Cape Girão was named by Zargo from its being the end of his *giro* or first day's excursion round the island (Cordeyro, III. 5). The height of the Penha d'Aguia is about 1,500 feet, and of the Mount Church 1,900 above the sea. The Pao Branco, the highest point where the vine is cultivated in perfection is 1992 above the sea, and 158 lower than the bottom of the Curral, but the fruit or vine region of cultivation extends to 2,700 feet above the sea.

The greatest length of this Island is $9\frac{3}{4}$ Portuguese leagues, or about $38\frac{1}{4}$ English miles; its greatest breadth is $12\frac{1}{2}$ Geographical miles, its circumference 96 Geographical miles. These results are taken from the survey of Colonel Paulo d'Almeida. His measurement differs from that recorded in Johnston's Geo-hydrographical Survey pub-

lished in 1790, but I prefer adhering to Almeida's results as his observations were very carefully made. Bowdich seems likewise to prefer Almeida's authority.

The population of Madeira has been reduced some thousands during the last seven years by emigration to Demerara and Brazil. There are no accurate returns of the actual amount of population, but I believe that it may be taken at about 110,000. Successive Lisbon governments have for many years past treated this fine island with neglect, and one of the most delusive measures ever practised was that by which its status was raised from a Colony to the sterile dignity of a Province of the Kingdom. The consequence is that it has neither colonial advantages nor is it treated as an integral part of the realm. The port of Funchal is still exposed to all the blasts of the Atlantic, and the whole island coast has not a single respectable harbour. The first measure of importance for Madeira is the conclusion of the long-discussed tariff convention between England and Portugal, by which her wines will be admitted into our ports at a reduced duty; and the next is the connexion of the Loo Rock with the Pontinha by means of a solid sea-wall, which at a moderate expense would furnish Funchal with an excellent harbour.

The costume of the peasantry, without being in the least elegant, is very becoming and picturesque. A purple cape with a binding of a lighter colour is universally borne by the females; the men seldom wear any thing but a shirt and a pair of short loose trousers; the upper portion of the leg is usually bare, and short

boots either of black or white leather complete the lower integuments. A stick about six feet in length is the common and useful auxiliary of these hardy mountaineers. The women for the most part wear boots of a similar description to the men's, and the costume of both sexes is completed by the carapuça or little scull-cap of blue cloth, surmounted by a slender peak rising from the centre of the head and of the oddest possible appearance. Its aspect is precisely like that of an inverted tunnel or funnel for bottling liquor, and the only useful purpose which I ever conjectured it could serve is that of dividing the rays of the sun and thus preventing the unpleasant visitation of a *coup de soleil*. But the address with which it is worn in a gale is astonishing, and they undoubtedly set it to the wind.

The character of the Madeirese I consider to be a fair average specimen of humanity. The race is athletic, hardy, and well-formed, without being handsome.

The standard of religion is unhappily low. The native clergy are unergetic, supine, and perfunctory in the discharge of their duties. The efforts at proselytism recently made by Dr. Kalley have been defeated by the stringent interference of the Government, but were of great use in applying a stimulus to the lethargic zeal of the clergy. The present Bishop of Madeira is a pious and active ecclesiastic, who has availed himself of the temporary religious ferment to incite his clergy to regular habits of useful preaching and catechetical instruction, as well as to inculcate a more rigid observance of the Sabbath. But I fear that the laziness induced by

the climate and by habit amongst all but the labouring classes, may make these fitful efforts at amendment lapse ere long into the accustomed somnolency. The precepts of abstinence and fasting are treated by all classes of society in the towns with indifference. The country people are a hard-working and excellent race, whose poverty unhappily debars them entirely from the use of flesh meat.

The defects of character are for the most part negative ; and crimes of violence are therefore little practised. Assassination is almost wholly unknown, and burglary and robbery are rarely heard of. But petty theft is rather general and there are few honest servants on the Island. All classes are polite, almost to a fault. The native shopkeepers and tradesmen will sometimes exact considerably more from an Englishman than they are satisfied with from one of their own countrymen ; but the majority are above this meanness, and I have found the English shopkeepers honest, and for the most part reasonable in their charges.

The only passable hotel is the English Hotel, where the charges are moderate, but the accommodations very limited. The prices asked for furnished houses are sometimes unreasonable, as are likewise the charges of the boarding-house-keepers, both rents and provisions being in fact immoderately low. The lb. of beef or mutton is only $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, loaf-sugar $6d.$, coffee $10d.$, fish and vegetables cheap and abundant, and the average rent of a good house with quinta annexed about $20l.$ per annum. Yet for such a house and quinta, furnished, it is customary to

demand for the four or five winter months that invalids commonly stay from £70 to £100, and the usual charge of the boarding-houses is 50 dollars or 10 guineas per month—the prices of Brighton, where provisions and rents are three times dearer. They are beginning, however, to come down in their charges. It is an indispensable protection to make a preliminary stipulation as to price with tradesmen in most instances, and never to advance the entire of your rent beforehand, thus taking security for the supply of all domestic necessities.

There is extreme distress amongst the humbler classes, and no provision whatever for the poor. It is much to be wished that a Mendicity Association should be established, supported by voluntary subscriptions discriminatingly distributed. There is in this respect a great and lamentable apathy amongst public men. Sturdy begging is here, I regret to say, a very unpleasant infliction on strangers, and the noisiest applicants are not the most deserving. The provision for education is likewise very defective.

There is scarcely any real distinction of political parties in Madeira, and indifference or indisposition towards the Government is universally prevalent. There are two small newspapers, published once a week each.

The means of access to the Island, and of departure from it in the fitting season, are now complete. No one should think of bringing out furniture, that which is made in Funchal being both cheap and sufficiently good.

The agriculture of the Island, except in relation to the vine and pine plantations, is strangely neglected. The

immense tract of the Paül, the highest level ground in Madeira, 4,000 feet above the sea, was crowded with cedars within living memory; but these have been ruthlessly cut down and demolished, many of them for firewood, by the distressed peasantry, and now it is a cheerless (and, if you believe them, a haunted) waste. The culture of the orange is shamefully neglected. Madeira, which might produce, perhaps, the finest oranges in the world produces now some of the worst. When the Lisbon government applies itself to the formation of levadas or water-courses, I anticipate that the orange will be extensively cultivated. The roots of the trees must be carefully manured and watered daily by the curious process of earthen circumvallation round each tree, which I have seen in operation at Lisbon and St. Ube's, or the fruit can never be produced in perfection. An immensity may also be done in sheep-pasturing, there being boundless tracts on the Serra unoccupied, especially near the Curral, which would afford excellent pasture throughout the year. The capabilities of this fine island have never yet been done moderate justice to. The world can display no finer wools than might be reared here, and I trust that the experiment may ere long be tried under the fostering care of a few experienced Highland shepherds. The mutton thus produced would find a ready market in Funchal, whose supply of mutton is now inadequate and inferior. I was surprised to see the small and comparatively valueless island yam, called by the natives the *inhame*, nearly the sole growth of the well-watered valley of Machico, where

the orange might be cultivated to such great advantage. The poor specimens of this fruit which are placed on dessert tables at Funchal should be a sufficient stimulus to some enterprising agriculturist.

The nearly universal tenure on which the land in Madeira is held is an equal division of the produce between landlord and tenant. The peasantry are unsurpassed as labourers, and their capacity of enduring toil, fatigue, and privation, is absolutely incredible.

An interesting test of the mildness of the climate is that swallows do not migrate from the island.

The excellence of the climate of Madeira as a winter residence for pulmonary and other patients has been attested by Dr. Fothergill who wrote so far back as 1775, by Dr. Adams in 1801, by Dr. Gourlay in 1811, by Dr. Pitta in 1812, by Dr. Renton in 1817, and by Dr. Heineken in 1824, all from personal observation. Sir James Clark never visited the Island, but his remarks are very able and satisfactory; they are not, however, without a tinge of exaggeration.

The most remarkable circumstance about the Island is the equability of its temperature; and this it is which gives it an advantage over every other locality.

The fatally incurable character of Confirmed Phthisis is clearly made out by the professional returns furnished by Drs. Renton and Heineken, the former to the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, Vol. xxvii., the latter to Sir James Clark; and in such cases the climate of Madeira can only produce an alleviation of the distressing symptoms, and a comparative but slight pro-

longation of life. The hand which writes this is guided by a firm conviction that a brief period must put an end to its vitality. The climate of Madeira may, however, be resorted to with great advantage in all cases of incipient pulmonary disease.

Although the weight of evidence is now decidedly in favour of returning to the North of Europe during the summer, invalids should certainly not leave the Island before the latter end of May, the weather in England before the middle of June being trying to convalescents. Those in the more advanced stage of the disease may probably act more wisely by declining the inconveniences and hazards of a sea-voyage, and may pass the summer rather comfortably at the North side of the Island in the pleasant region of Santa Anna, which abounds in wooded shade, is to a considerable extent protected from the visitation of the sirocco, and is subjected immediately to the influence of the refreshing trade-winds which blow from the North-East during three of the Summer months. Sometimes, however, the humidity produced by excess of wood and water at Sta Anna makes a residence there even during the Summer perilous, in delicate conditions of the lungs, and an instance has recently occurred where the invalids have returned in a body to the Southern side of the island.

The almost total absence of musquitoes during the entire year at Madeira is a blessing, unparalleled in other Southern climates, which I have great pleasure in specially noticing; and even the Leste days of Summer are in some degree balanced by agreeable cloudy days.

A residence some distance up the Serra will be found agreeable during the Summer, except on the Leste days when you are perhaps still more exposed than in Funchal. This sultry wind, blowing from the sands of Africa, is less disagreeable, it is said, to invalids than to the natives. It sometimes blows on the skin like the blast from a hot furnace, checking perspiration and producing general languor and restlessness. In its greatest intensity, it destroys vegetation, and is even known at times to curl paper. You have only, however, to pass over the Serra to the North side of the island, to escape pretty well from its influence. The temperature has been known to be as high on some Leste days as 130° of Fahrenheit and upwards (Gourlay, p. 32). But the average evenness of temperature is nevertheless extraordinary, the mean annual temperature being $64^{\circ} 56'$, and the mean annual range only 14° . On about half-a-dozen days throughout the Winter snow is seen from Funchal on the tops of the Serra, but it usually disappears during the course of the day. Even during this period the temperature is from 56° to 60° . There is an ice-house on the top of the Serra, by means of which Funchal is kept supplied with this refreshing condiment during the hottest days of Summer. There is throughout the year an almost constant succession of land and sea breezes. The hottest time of the day, during the whole year, is between the hours of one and three P. M. and the coolest period a few hours after midnight.

I have been favoured by my friend Dr. Ross, one of the leading medical practitioners in the Island, with a

sight of the very accurate Meteorological Register which he has kept for the six months just ended, and forwarded to Sir James Clark. From this I extract the mean height of the thermometer, as taken in Funchal, at 2 P. M. in November and December, and during the remaining months at 1 P. M., which for the half year was as follows :—

MONTHS.		1 P. M. 2 P. M.
November 1844	$69\frac{2}{3}$
December	—	$65\frac{3\frac{1}{2}}{4\frac{1}{2}}$
January 1845	$64\frac{2\frac{3}{4}}{6\frac{2}{3}}$
February	—	$63\frac{7}{8}$
March	—	$64\frac{2\frac{7}{8}}{3\frac{1}{4}}$
April	—	$66\frac{4\frac{1}{2}}{5\frac{1}{8}}$

This table presents a remarkable conformity with the observations of former years, which is to be noticed with the more satisfaction in as much as the winter throughout Europe was of unusual severity. I can add my personal testimony to the general mildness of the winter here and the happy equability of the temperature. I have compared the foregoing averages with those published by Kirwan in the commencement of the present century, and find them nearly identical. I have likewise compared them with Gourlay's published register for 10 years from 1793 to 1802, and they prove very slightly higher.

There are several churches in Funchal, the principal ones being the cathedral, the college church, and St. Peter's. The college church formerly belonged to the Jesuits who came to the Island towards the end of the 16th century. It is richly fitted up, and gorgeously decorated. The English chapel is an elegant building, beautifully situated, and surrounded by charming grounds.

There are few varieties of birds, and of these the canary, quail, and pigeon are the most numerous. Partridges are likewise found on the Serra, but in small numbers, and they are so much sought after in Funchal that it is sometimes difficult to procure them. Most vegetables are to be had in considerable perfection and abundance. Of fish there is a great variety, and some are very excellent. There are scarcely any sea-shells, but there is an abundance of land-shells to repay the study of the naturalist. There are not many species of insects, and none are remarkable. Multitudes of the harmless small brown lizard may be seen sporting about the walls upon sunny days, and the frog, introduced from Portugal within the last few years, has increased to tens of thousands. There are no indigenous quadrupeds. The remarkable trees produced in the Island are nearly all enumerated in the text. The til, vinhático, pao branco, and aderno are different varieties of the laurel growing to an immense height. The azvinho is of the oak family.

The institutions of Madeira are entirely Portuguese, and all the official departments (with the exception of

the Municipalities, which are elective) are filled by individuals deputed by the Lisbon government. There are at present few military on the Island with the exception of the artillery, of whom there are about 80 charged with the defence of the several batteries. One tenth of the whole produce of the Island is claimed by the Crown of Portugal, and with the customs duties (this year amounting to 38,000 dollars) constitutes the considerable revenue derived from this possession, for which so little is returned in local improvements.

The vintage takes place in the month of September. The grapes are usually first trodden under foot in a trough; they are then placed in the press, and the juice which is extracted is put into casks the same day to ferment. The more active period of the fermentation usually lasts about five weeks. All but the very choicest wines are then fined with gypsum (*gesso*), and a few gallons of the best brandy are added to each pipe for the purpose of preserving and qualifying the wine by incorporation with it in the process of time.

The vines are grown for the most part in the valleys, and upon the slopes of the lower hills. The superiority of the South-side growth to that of the Northern parts of the Island is most considerable. The vines are trained upon terraces and corridors, or over trellises of cane, placed horizontally about four feet from the ground, and are set in trenches of great depth. They are manured by planting beans and lupines amongst them, by which the ground is made doubly serviceable. One seventh of the entire vine-crop is devoured by rats and lizards,

which swarm at the vintage season. These destructive little animals are said to have sufficient taste to prefer the finest grape. The vintage commences in the valleys, and is then carried up the Serra ; and the rats and lizards faithfully follow its progress.

There is at present no theatre at Funchal, the former theatre having been levelled to the ground by the Governor of that period, to make room for the troops to exercise. Occasionally there are private theatricals, but of little merit. The only places of public amusement in the town are the Philharmonic Society and the Portuguese club, to which visitors are admissible on the same terms as to the English rooms. This latter institution consists of a library and reading-rooms, established by the British merchants, to which the admission is by ballot. The subscription is 15 dollars for the six months, and the most popular new English books, with the leading newspapers and periodicals, are taken in. There is no café on the Island. There are two very good public walks near the sea, perfectly level, planted with trees, and furnished with numerous seats. The breezes on the pier are very delightful in the sultry weather. The streets are somewhat narrow, but for the most part clean, and the houses better than in the generality of continental towns.

Riding on horses or ponies is the chief amusement. The invalid who desires to husband his strength will find, however, that the use of the palanquin and litter is occasionally, at least, to be preferred. The litter for a long journey is comfortable in the highest degree. The ponies of the country are very sure-footed, and accidents are

extremely rare. Ponies may be bought at prices varying from 50 to 150 dollars, and the expense of keeping one is from 10 to 14 dollars per month. Horses are to be obtained in great numbers for hire. The *burroqueiros*, who attend them, are a very active race of men, and mount the Serra with astonishing speed. In the steep places, they twist their hands in the horses' tails, and run after them with surprising agility. The palanquin-bearers are likewise very strong and active. Strangers are liable to be imposed on by both these classes, and should therefore be informed that the proper charge for a horse is four bits (1s. 8d.) the first hour, and three bits each succeeding hour; for a palanquin 2 to 4 bits the set-down.

The Island is deficient in original music; but a few songs and ballads are to be heard at intervals. One native song, which struck me as being pretty, is characteristically marked with local colouring, the burthen being to this effect:—

Up, up the levada I'll fly with my love!

The singing is almost invariably accompanied by the machete or small native guitar, upon which there are some very skilful performers on the Island. The style of accompaniment is usually rather monotonous, the modulations of an entire tune being followed with three or four chords. On feast-days, you often meet a number of boys traversing the suburbs of Funchal at a rapid pace to the music of a machete-player at their head.

It is perhaps well for invalids that there are not many amusements here, young people especially being very

liable to counteract the beneficial effects of the climate by indulging in exuberance of spirits and over-active exertion. The Funchal Club gives agreeable balls during the season, peculiar features of which are that the ladies, in accordance with the etiquette of society in Portugal, sit formally at one end of the room, apart from the gentlemen, until the dancing commences, and that about 3 in the morning hot chicken broth is handed round to the company in a sort of coffee-cups.

But, as amusements thus invading beyond the midnight hour are most unsuitable and pernicious to invalids, other means of enjoyment are provided for this interesting class. Early dinner parties, commencing at 3 o'clock, and concluding so as to permit the guests to be at home by sunset, are alternated with excursions to points not so distant as to fatigue, upon different parts of the Serra, and along the coast by water. The most delightful amusement which the Island presents is the Pic-Nic party, of which there is an almost endless succession. Many of these are arranged and conducted with great spirit, and the variety of interesting objects within a convenient distance of Funchal, and almost unceasing beauty of the weather in this "cloudless clime," make this description of party very popular and pleasing.

The Entrudo or carnival here is a scene of some confusion and disorder on Shrove Tuesday and one or two days preceding, when water, flour, peas, and sometimes even eggs, are flung from the windows and balconies upon persons passing through the streets. The more unruly

at times fling tumblers and basins full of water, and a quantity of flour sufficient to make those, whom they honour with their notice, the very counterpart of dusty millers. Amongst the very lowest classes, this practice is often carried to immoderate lengths, such as smearing faces with grease and soot, and tearing the clothes off each other's backs.

The better classes, instead of flinging eggs and water, fill egg-shells or waxen imitations of them with rose-water, and pelt each other rather agreeably with these innoxious missiles. It is no unpleasant thing to receive one of these fragrant tiny showers from the hands of a black-eyed Madeirese young lady, who from her inaccessible balcony salves with fascinating smiles the impalpable wound which she inflicts. English visitors sometimes make themselves unsocial and ridiculous by becoming savage and resenting these petty annoyances. They will do well to laugh at the joke and pass on.

At Mid-Lent the effigy of an old woman is burnt at Funchal amidst the blowing of horns and shouting, and other discordant ebullitions of popular mirth. The custom is an ancient one, which still exists in many parts of the Peninsula. My enquiries as to the origin of this usage have been rewarded with the intelligence that the lady is the d——l's grandmother!

Invalids proceeding to Madeira should provide themselves with warm clothing as a safeguard against occasional lowness of temperature, as well as with light apparel for the sultry weather. During the prevalence of

north-easterly winds, the cold is sometimes sensibly felt. If it is proposed to spend any portion of the summer on the Island, a few white linen jackets will be requisite. Calico shirts are more desirable than linen. Medicine should be carefully provided for the voyage. It will be scarcely requisite for the invalid to burthen himself with anything else, as on the whole the accommodations in the boarding and furnished houses will be found sufficient. It will not be injudicious, however, to bring out bed and table linen, as well as a moderate quantity of plate. Everything may be landed free of duty for a sojourn of eighteen months ; but at the end of that period, the duties must be positively paid or the articles re-shipped.

Money at Madeira is computed by reis, as at Lisbon. The rei or Portuguese real is an imaginary unit, rather less than the fourth of an English farthing. The value of the Madeirese currency is about 13 per cent. less than that of Lisbon. The dollar and the sovereign have by Royal decree a fixed value in the Island, a contradiction of all correct principles which appears justified by expediency, since it has put an end to unceasing disputes. No question is ever raised of abrasion of sovereigns, or of defective weight unless the lightness be very apparent. Neither is any difference made between United States, S. American, and Spanish dollars, notwithstanding the considerable difference in their intrinsic value. But all these arrangements present facilities to the casual visitor. The most desirable coin to take to Madeira is dollars, there being a slight comparative loss by sove-

reigns. At all events, it will be found very judicious to carry to the Island in specie as much money as will cover the expenses of your stay, which will save much trouble with letters of credit and bills, upon which a considerable loss is frequently sustained in the exchange. The following are the component parts of the Madeirese currency :—Vintem, 20 reis, equal to one English penny ; half-bit, 50 rs. $2\frac{1}{2}d.$; bit or testoon, 100 rs. $5d.$; pistarine, 200 rs. $10d.$; crusado, 400 rs. $1s. 8d.$; Spanish, United States, or S. American dollar, 1000 reis, $4s. 2d.$; this is commonly called a *pataca* or *milrei* ; sovereign, 4800 rs. ; quarter doubloon, 4000 rs. $16s. 8d.$; half doubloon ; doubloon. It is curious enough that Portuguese money does not circulate at all upon the Island, and that the currency is composed entirely of the coins of Spain, England, and America.

Visitors to Madeira from England will be immediately struck with the singular absence of that excitement which belongs to English society, and will probably often repair to the turret or small observatory with which the roofs of most houses are supplied, to catch with their telescopes the first sight of a British sail, with its cheerful flag, to appease the yearning for home. But this very quietude is the invalid's best safeguard. English ships repair more frequently to the Island, now that the onerous health-dues have been removed, and when the inevitable reduction of tariffs follows, Madeira will be a little England.

Funchal, 3rd May 1845.

ESSAY ON PORTUGUESE LITERATURE.



OF the poets of Portugal almost nothing is known to the rest of Europe, with the single exception of Camóens. It is not, however, to be inferred, because his giant shadow has obscured the rest, that Portugal is destitute of other poetical names of a high order of merit. I pass over the period intervening between the death of Camóens and the last century, because in the works of those writers I find nothing particularly to admire, excepting Nicolao Luiz, whose tragedy of *Ignez de Castro* I regard as a beautiful and classic composition. Some extracts from it will be found in the notes, whose truth to nature and great force and beauty of expression will be evident to every reader. It was towards the close of the last century that Portugal produced her most distinguished poets since the days of Camóens. I have omitted none whom I think of considerable merit down to the present time, from the list which follows:—

Francisco Manoel do Nascimento, better known by his *nom de plume* of Filinto Elizio, was a priest of great learning and accomplishments, deeply imbued with the spirit of classical literature, but too liberal in his sentiments for the Inquisition, from whose persecutions he

fled to France, where he lived for many years, occasionally residing also at the Hague, and though an ardent patriot, was never able to revisit his native country. His writings are very voluminous, and though his chief force lay in the high lyric style he was little less successful in the erotic. He is often elegant, but abounds with forced Latinisms. I extract and translate an ode of the latter species as a fair specimen of his powers. As he rejected the aid of rhyme, in my translation I follow his example :—

Juntando as pontas da eburnea lira
Tiraste sem cessar flechas a Nize,
Amor, em vão tequê. Ella sorrindo
De teus farpões zombava.

Com a alva mão as settas disparadas
As vai do coração descaminhando,
E cahidas no chão as quadra em pilha
Para tropheo izento.

Queres-tu não falsar do peito a senda,
Amor, que raivas de baldar os tiros ?
De meus suspiros n'uma spessa nuvem
Os teus farpões envolve.

E porque a sequidão da esquiva Nize
Não resista, e antes cále na alma o golpe,
Molha os tiros nas lagrimas caudaes,
Que de ternura verto.

Vinga me, e vinga te. Que é grão desdouro
Do braço que humilhou o ingente Alcides,
Ser vencido da improvida esquivança
D'uma inerme donzella.

Twanging thy bow of ivory, Love, which seems
A crescent Moon, a ceaseless arrowy shower
Gainst Nissa thou hast sent—but all in vain ;
She smiles and scorns thy shafts !

With her white hand the maiden lightly puts
Thy ill-aimed arrows from her heart aside ;
And heaps them, when to earth they've fallen, in piles,
A trophy of her triumph.

Woulds't thou not wander from her bosom's line,
Love, who art mad to miss so oft thy aim ?
In a thick cloud of my heart-breathing sighs
Henceforth thy shafts infold.

And that the coyness of that fleeting Nymph
May not resist, but in her inmost soul
The blow may quiver, steep thy arrows in
The tears I ceaseless shed !

Avenge me and thyself. For great the shame
Of him who conquered Hercules to be
Thus conquered by the heedless petulance
Of an unarmed Donzell.

The following is one of his finest odes. It is in blank verse, as is likewise the translation, and embodies an allusion to a Portuguese poet named Barroco, who desisted from translating the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid to sing the glories of Albuquerque. I do not believe that in any language, ancient or modern, a much finer ode than this can be found :—

Onde me sobes, Musa ?
 Em que acceso licor me embebes a alma !
 Estes ares são sanctos !
 Esta montanha bi-partida treme !
 Os sacros troncos pavorosos vergão !
 Eis o Deos ! eis o Deos !
 Sancto furor me cala pelas veias.
 D'um sol estranho sinto
 Allumiada a mente. Lá se me abrem
 As tão vedadas portas do Futuro.
 Que estranhezas que eu vejo,
 Corrido o veo aos falladores quadros ?
 Torna a vir o passado ?
 Lá me abre o Tempo os coffres de diamante
 Salvados d'entre as mãos do Esquecimento.
 Daqui, dalli prodigios
 Se me escapão dos olhos cubiçosos.
 As nove irmãs innuptas
 N'um novo canto estão lidando ardentes.
 Uns aos outros mysterios se atropellão.
 Um Cysne cór de neve
 Sobe ao seio de Apollo auri-crinito,
 E lhe escuta os arcanos
 Da divina harmonia ; mova as cordas

Da eburnea lyra, emboca a epica tuba.

Tu cantaras ousado

Do rigido Alboquerque acções ingentes,

Os conquistados mares,

Os combates crueis, as leis pesadas,

Ao duro braço ousados Reis rendidos.

Já ensaías as forças

No alto escriptor do Mundo transformado;

E impavido Tyrinthio

Te apparelhas ao grave pêso, digno

De mais robustos hombros, que os de Homero

Bem vejo, inquieta Musa,

Lá me apontas Ormuz bombardeada.

Lá rompem os pelouros

Os muros flanqueados . . . Lá se alluem

Os paços de ouro, os incensados templos.

Com luzido cortejo

Vem do sagaz Sophi espavorido

O Embaixador faustoso ;

Dromedarios servis, quadrupedantes

Fazem tremer e re-tremer a terra.

Reis de Onor, de Narsinga,

Dobrai agora as tumidas cervizes :

Grão Sultão de Cambaya,

Melique astuto, honrai o Lusitano ;

Mandai beijar a mão, que vos assombra.

Vejo em Malaca altiva

Arvoradas as Quinas vencedoras ;

Os Idolos por terra,

Os sonhos de Mafoma sem valía,

E as thuricremas aras á Deos dadas.

Fervem as brancas ondas

Ante o tropel das proas cortadoras . . .

A morte vai sentada

Sobre montes de agudas partazanas,

De espadas, de canhões . . . Lá salta em terra !

Que prantos lamentosos

Ouçõ erguer das cidades arrazadas !

Aquella afflicta mai

Lá veda o sangue ao filho . . deixa-o, corre,

Por acodir ao moribundo Espozo.

Qual espesso negrume

Estala entre o horrífico estampido,

Nos orgulhosos montes,

Com culebrinos raios lasca os fréixos,

Fende as rochas, abala em roda os montes :

Tal saraiva de settas

Se encrava pelos palpitantes peitos.

Os montes estremecem,

As cavernas rimbombão, rios parão

C'o rouco som da irada artilheria.

Como a seva Tisiphone

Baralha anciosa os campos matadores !

Como, co' as serpes crespas

Se farta em borbotões de sangue quente,

E as mãos ensopa em golpeados membros !

Tu desces da altiveja,

Ardendo em chammas, Calecut potente.

Tomão leis de Alboquerque

Orfacão, e Soar, Gerum, Mascate,

Socotora sadia, a enferma Java.

Tu, Goa torreada,

Tambem curvas a não-domada frente :

Do Hidalcão, do Sabayo

Levantas a obediencia, para seres

A cabeça do Luso-Indiano Imperio.

Musa, já vou cansando :

Poupa, poupa meu peito fatigado.

Dá os arrojados vôos

Aos mimosos de Apollo, que discantem

Soberbos feitos em soberbos versos.

Whither dost waft me, Muse ?

In what fired nectar dost thou steep my soul ?

All holy are these shrines ;

This mountain trembles o'er its cloven peak :

These sacred trunks with awful terror bend.

It is the God ! the God !

A holy rapture runs through all my veins ;

By an exotic sun

I feel my mind illumed. Before me ope

The all-forbidden portals of the Future.

What marvels do I see,

The veil from speaking pictures quite withdrawn

Doth the Past live again ?

Time opes to me his urns of diámond,

Rescued from thy dark hands, Forgetfulness !

Wonders on every side

Flit from before my rapt, devouring eyes.

The virgin Sisters nine

O'er a new song with mighty ardour strain,
And mysteries crowd confused upon my sight.

A snowy-pluméd swan
Soars to the breast of Phoebus golden-haired,
And to his secrets lists
Of harmony divine, the ivory lyre
Wakes o'er its chords, and blows the epic trumpet.

Undaunted thou shalt sing
Of moveless Albuquerque the mighty deeds,
The wide-subjected seas,
The combats fierce, the laws of massive weight,
The haughty kings his stalwart arm subdued !

* * Already thou hast tried
Thy strength upon the early World Transformed.

Fearless Tyrinthius, now
Thou dost prepare thee for a task might need
Than mighty Homer's shoulders more robust !

I see, unquiet Muse ;
Bombarded Ormuz there thou point'st to me ;
The bursting shells strike down
The buttressed walls. There lambent flames devour
Palace of gold and incense-streaming Temple.

There comes with stately train,
From the sagacious Sophy fear-impelled,
Ambassador superb.

Trained dromedaries galloping afar
Make the earth tremble 'neath their mighty weight.

Kings of Narsinga, Onor,
Bend lowly now your proudly swelling necks.
Great Sultan of Cambay,

Astute Melique, the Lusitan revere,
And send to kiss the hand that shadows you !

I see in proud Malay
Our standard grand, the conquering Quinas, planted,
The Idols hurled to earth,
Mafoma's dreams left all without avail,
And incense-breathing altars given to God !

Boil the foam-crested waves
Before the dashing crowd of cleaving prows.
Death sits on fearful throne,
A mountain pile of sharp-edged partisans,
And swords and cannon.—There to earth he bounds !

What plaintive wailing sounds
I hear from raséd cities cleave the skies !

See, see that mother lorn
Stanch her son's blood—she leaves his side, she flies
To aid her husband's dying agony !

As some dark thunder-cloud
Bursts amid lightnings fierce with horrid crash
O'er the tall mountain-peaks,
Splinters with culverin bolts full many an ash,
Cleaves rocks asunder, shakes the hills around :

Thus doth the iron shower
Of arrows pierce through thousand throbbing breasts.

The mountains quake afar,
The caverns loud resound, the rivers stop,
With the hoarse wrath of dire artillery.

How fierce Tisiphone
Confuses with mad joy the field of slaughter !

How with her crispéd snakes

She swills the bubbling gushings of hot blood,
And sops her hands in slashed and mangled limbs !

Thou from thy lofty state
In flames descendest, powerful Calecut !

Soär and Orfacan,
Geroom, Muscate, Socotra's healthful clime,
Fell Java, own the laws of Albuquerque.

And thou, too, Goa towered,
Bend'st thy till now indomitable front ;

Sabay and Hidalkán
Thou dost to swift obedience round reduce,
And build the Lusan-Indian empire's seat.

Muse, I grow weary, faint ;
Spare, spare my labouring breast, my aching brain,
And give these daring flights

To great Apollo's favoured votaries,
Who sing of lofty deeds in lofty verse.

His more serious compositions are alternated with satire, in which he is often successful. The following is one of his epigrams :—

Quando o Cantor de Thracia, o Orpheo divino
As pousadas desceo do Reino escuro,
Plutão por lhe punir o desatino

Lhe entregou a Mulher.

Depois por um decreto mais maduro
Quiz-lhe honrar o talento melodioso,
Que lhe enchera os ouvidos de amplo gozo ;

E tirou—lhe a Mulher.

When Orpheus dared with troublous strain
 Descend to Pluto's dark domain,
 The God, to afflict with greater pain,
 Straight gave him up his wife ;
 But after by more ripe decree,
 Enchanted with his melody,
 The bard to pay with richest fee
 He took her back for life !

Manoel Maria Barbosa du Bocage likewise flourished towards the close of the last century, and enjoyed an extraordinary poetical reputation. He died in 1805, and according to the humorous inscription which he suggested for his tomb, his life was a perpetual social miracle. This funereal production was, like too much of his poetry, tinged with obscenity, and can only be paraphrased :—

Here lies Bocage the debauchee
 Whose Life should be "miraculous" headed;
 He eat, drank, loved successfully,
 Without possessing cash or credit.

His irregularities led him into prison, but for nothing of moral turpitude, and here I regret to find him writing some whining verses to the despotic Pombal to obtain his release. He was a great favourite amongst the friars, with whom he used to live in one convent after another for weeks together, until he offended them by some one of his irrepressible satires. The rest of his time was spent for the most part in the houses of his lay admirers, with occasional passages of wretched distress. But, on the whole, for an utterly moneyless man, he lived surpris-

ingly well. His poetical talents were of a peculiarly social character. He was perhaps the best Improvvisatore that the world ever produced. If Filinto Elizio is the Horace, Bocage is the Ovid of Portugal. Indeed, he combines in no small degree the powers of Ovid, Tibullus, and Martial. He was a wonderful master of language, and in sweetness of versification almost the equal of Camóens. His love poems are truly exquisite, and Europe has produced no more elegant translator.

From his original compositions, which will suffer by comparison with no European poet, I take a few distichs at random :—

Dize-lhe então, soltando
Os derradeiros ais,
Que antes morrer por ella,
Do que viver co' as mais.

Then pouring forth the parting sigh
I vainly strove to smother,
“ For her (I said) I'd rather die
“ Than live with any other ! ”

A PORTRAIT.

Os olhos della
São como o Ceo,
Depois que a Noite
Desdobra o véo.

Tem tal virtude,
Tal movimento,
Que encolhe as azas
Ao pensamento.

Na linda face
De neve pura,
Onde entre as rosas
Brilha a candura,

Ha certa graça,
Certa viveza,
Mais attractiva
Que a gentileza.

Ornãõ lhe o seio
De eburnea côr,
Por fóra as Graças,
Por dentro Amor.

Alli assaltos
De audaz desejo
Move a Ternura,
Rebate o Pejo.

*Her eyes in blackness
Cope with the sky,
When Night unfoldeth his
Dark veil on high.*

Pow'rful her glances,
Rapid as light,
Thought ev'n outstripping
In swift wingéd flight.

O'er her sweet features of
 Snowiest sheen,
 Mid the fresh roses
 Mild candour is seen.

Charming vivacity,
 Exquisite grace,
 Still more attractive
 Than beauty of face.

On her fair bosom's
 Soft ivory round
 Outward dwells Beauty,
 Love inward is found.

There the assaults
 Of audacious desire
 Tenderness moves,
 Modest scorn bids retire !

Of his sonnets many are beautiful and masterly. Here
 are a few specimens :—

Raios não peço ao Creador do mundo,
 Tormentas não supplico ao Rei dos mares,
 Vulcões á terra, furacões aos ares,
 Negros monstros ao barathro profundo :
 Não rogo ao Deos de Amor, que furibundo
 Te arremesse do pé de seus altares,
 Ou que a peste mortal vôle a teus lares,
 E murche o teu semblante rubicundo.

Nada imploro em teu dano, inda que os laços
Urdidos pela fé com vil mudança
Fizeste, ingrata Nise, em mil pedaços.
Não quero outro despique, outra vingança,
Mais que ver te em poder de indignos braços,
E dizer quem te perde, e quem te alcança.

I ask not lightnings of the world's Creator,
I supplicate no storms from Ocean's King,
No fires from earth, no whirlwinds from the air,
No grim black monsters from the gulf profound.
I ask not of the God of Love enraged
To hurl thee from beside his altars pure,
Nor mortal plague to glide beneath thy roof,
And blotch and wither all thy rosy face.
I ask for nought to harm thee, though the bonds
Which faith had tied thou hast with vilest change,
Ungrateful Nissa, broke in thousand pieces.
I ask no retribution, no revenge
More than to see thee in unworthy arms,
And conscious who hath lost thee, who hath won !

Olha, Marilia, as flautas dos pastóres,
Que bem que são, como estão cadentes !
Olha o Tejo a sorrir-se ! Olha, não sentes
Os Zefyros brincar por entre as flores ?
Vê como alli beijando-se os Amores
Incitão nossos osculos ardentes :

Ei-las de planta em planta as innocentes,
As vagas borboletas de mil cores :
Naquelle arbuste o rouxinol suspira,
Ora nas folhas a abelhinha pára,
Ora nos ares susurrando gyra.
Que alegre campo ! Que manhã tão clara !
Mas, ah ! tudo o que vês, se eu te não vira,
Mais tristeza que a noite me causára.

Oh, list, Marilia, to the pastoral flutes
Resounding, how in cadence sweet they fall !
See, see the Tagus smile ! See, feel'st thou not
The Zephyrs sport amid the summer flowers ?
Mark how the Loves with mutual kisses there
Our fond embraces ardently inspire ;
From plant to plant see thousand-coloured stray
The innocently wandering butterflies ;
Within that thicket sighs the nightingale ;
Now rests the bee upon the honeyed leaf,
Now humming gently wheels its flight through air.
How bright the landscape, and the morn how fair !
But ah, if thee I saw not, all thou seest
Were sadder far to me than darkest night !

Mavorte, porque em perfida cilada
O cruel Moço aligero o ferira,
Não faz caso da Mai que chora e brada,
Quer punir o traidor que lhe fugira.

Na sinistra o pavez, na dextra a espada,
 Nos igneos olhos fusilante a ira
 Pula a negra carroça ensanguentada,
 Que Bellona infernal co' as Furias tira.
 Assim parte, assim vòa, eis-que vê posto
 No collo de Marilia o Deos alado,
 No collo aonde tem mimoso encosto :
 Já Marte arroja as armas, e applacado
 Diz, inclinando o formidavel rosto :
 “Valha-te, Amor, esse lugar sagrado !”



Great Mars, indignant that the winged Boy
 Had wounded him with cruel perfidy,
 Slighted his mother, Venus', sobs and tears,
 And swore to avenge although the traitor fled.
 In his left hand the shield, his right the sword,
 And anger flashing from his fiery eyes,
 He urges headlong the ensanguined car
 Which fierce Bellona and the Furies draw.
 He parts, he flies ; but planted straight beholds
 The winged urchin in Marilia's neck—
 Soft, pearly neck which forms his charming bed :
 Mars instant dropt his arms, and quite appeased
 Said, bending low his formidable face ;
 “Thank, Love, for thy escape that sacred place !”

He has likewise many sublime compositions, amongst which I particularly noticed his Odes on the Purification and Conception of the Virgin, in which he has

contrived to impart wonderful force and originality to a rather unpromising subject. The field of his satirical poetry is wide and varied in a remarkable degree, and embraces a multitude of epigrams and sonnets. Some of his epigrams are brilliant. I select a few :—

THE POWER OF GOLD.

Faço a paz, sustento a guerra,
Agrado a doutos e a rudes,
Gero vicios e virtudes,
Torço as leis, domino a terra.

"Tis I make peace, and war sustain,
To crimes and virtues I give birth,
I tickle dull and learned brain,
I twist the laws, I rule the earth !

ON AN ESCRIVAO (ATTORNEY) WHO BECAME
A FRIAR IN HIS OLD AGE.

Aqui jaz hum Escrivão,
Que já na provecta idade
Tomou o habito de Frade :
Só merecia o cordão.
Deos tenha delle piedade !

Here lies a Lawyer who, grown old,
A Friar's habit took upon him ;
He only merited the cord,
The Lord have mercy on him !

TO A TUFT-HUNTER.

Conferes nas senhorias,
Fofa Alcéo, mais fofos bens,
E fazes nisso hum milagre,
Porque dás o que não tens.

You love to give to gentlemen
Gentility in your address,
And here you work a miracle,
You give what you do not possess.

TO A WOULD-BE POET.

Longe estás de ser pateta,
Flavio, tens varias noções,
Entendes bem a selecta,
Lês, estudas, e compões :
Por hum tris não és Poeta.

You're far from being a fool,
You've knowledge and you show it ;
You read in a good school,
Select, compose by rule,
But then—you're not a Poet !

He is particularly severe on physicians and quacks,
between whom he clearly sees no distinction whatever.

TO A BAD PHYSICIAN.

Doutor, até do Hospital
 Te sacode enfermo bando.
 Que será disto a causal?
 He porque em tu receitando,
 Qualquer doença he mortal.

Doctor, the very patients drive
 You from the infirmary's portal.
 Why's this? Because your recipes
 Make ev'ry sickness mortal!

ANOTHER.

Estando enfermo hum Poeta,
 Foi visitallo hum Doutor,
 E em rigoroso dieta
 Logo, logo, o manda pór.
 Regule-se, coma pouco,
 Diz-lhe o medico eminente,
 Ai, Senhor, acode o louco,
 Por isso he que estou doente.

A Poet once fell sick,
 And for a Doctor sent,
 Who ordered diet strict,
 A regimen of Lent.
 "Eat little, drink still less,"
 Said this renowned physician—
 "Good Lord! the very cause
 "Of this my sick position!"

ANOTHER.

Huma terra dizem que ha,
 Onde a fome acerba e dura
 Cabo dos medicos dá :
 Porque he isto ? He porque lá
 Pagão sómente a quem cura.

A land there is where Doctors die
 Of hunger, they're so poor.
 The reason is, none pay them there
 But those they truly cure !

A little antecedent to these two writers, and superior, I think, to both of them in his knowledge of mankind and of society, was Nicolao Tolentino, a most admirable satirical poet, of whom the following specimen will give some idea to my readers. It is the description of an ancient coquette :—

Cuja boca pestilente
 Ante um espelho enseiada
 Torcendo se destramente
 Aprende abrir a risada
 Por onde ainda resta um dente.

Her mouth that yields unsavoury breath
 Before a glass she twists and strains,
 To teach it on that side to smile
 Where still a tooth remains !

The following is his description of his own life, which contains some characteristic touches of society in Portugal :—

Depois que plano caminho
Já meu pé trilhando vai,
Pobre alfaiate visinho
De hum capote de meu pai
Me engenhou um capotinho :

Talhando a obra maldiz
A empreza que lhe incumbirão,
Fez nigromancias com giz,
Sete vezes lhe cahirão
Os oculos do nariz :

Sua obra se consagre
No portal das Barraquinhas
Com grossas letras de almagre ;
Tapou geiras, passou linhas,
Fez hum capote, e hum milagre :

Colxete no cabeçaõ,
Sahi novo Adonis bello,
Figa no coz do calção,
Carrapito no cabelo,
E hum biscoitinho na mão :

Sobre sizudo Gallego,
Que vasa barril fiado,
Já aos trabalhos me entrego ;
E em triste pranto lavado,
A porta de hum mestre chego :

Debalde o bom mariola
Dourava rasóes pequenas ;
Minha dor não se consola,
Presagio talvez das penas
De outro tempo, e de outra escola.

Entre medos e violencias
Entrar no Latim já posso,
E jurei obediencia
A hum clerigo, que era hum poço
De tabaco e de sciencia :

D'entre o sordido roupão,
Com a pitada nos dedos,
E a Madureira na mão,
Revelava altos segredos
Do adverbio e conjunção.

Era em grammatica abysmo,
Honrava o seculo nosso ;
Porém de tal rigorismo,
Que poz na rua o seu moço
Por lhe ouvir hum solecismo.

Entre o Jota e o I Romano,
Que differença se achasse,
Trabalhava havia hum anno ;
Obra que se elle a acabasse,
Feliz de genero humano !

Em quanto a minha alma emprego
Nestas causadas doutrinas
A dourada idade chego
De ir ver as vastas campinas
Que banha o claro Mondego.

Co' as cabeças mal compostas,
Vejo entre gostos e medos
Mai e irmans á adufa postas ;
Chovião Cruzes e Cremos
Sobre as minhas bentas costas.

Já em rapidas carreiras
Calcava a real estrada,
Sem chapeo, sem estribeiras ;
Já a catana emprestada
Cortava o vento e as piteiras.

Curta, embrulhada quantia,
Que ao despedir me foi dada,
Espirou no mesmo dia ;
E fui fazendo a jornada
Quasi com carta de Guia.

Gemer em segredo pude ;
Que o bom Pai, fulto de meios,
Quanto cheio de virtude,
Só mandava nos Correios
Novas da sua saude.

When old enough to trot about,
A neighbouring tailor was employed
To fashion me a handsome coat
From Pa's capote like mainsail wide.

In cutting out he curst the job,
A necromancer's mystic shows
He wrought with chalk, and seven times fell
The spectacles from off his nose.

Where letters huge in ochre red
His tailoring to the city tell,
By trigonometry he made
A coat, and eke a miracle.

With dandy cape and waistband smart,
I sallied forth a Cupid bland,
My hair so neat with ribbon tied,
A sugar-cake in dexter hand :

Upon a grave Gallego's back,
Who oft did trusted cask explore,
All bathed in tears at visioned tasks,
I reached the dread schoolmaster's door.

In vain the porter plugged my grief
With many a reason good and sound ;
My mighty sorrow scorned relief,
A presage of what since I've found.

Mid violence and terror there
I faced my Latin soon enough,
And swore obedience to a priest—
A well of science and of snuff.

In night-gown many a month unwashed,
With pinch in fingers, rule in hand,
What secrets deep he did reveal
Of Adverb and Conjunction grand !

He was of grammar an abyss,
Light of the age and learning's prism ;
He turned his servant out of doors
For speaking of a solecism !

The difference twixt the I and J
He worked at full a year of grace ;
A task which did he but complete,
How happy were the human race !

While filled these doctrines grave my soul,
The golden age I did attain
To see Mondego's crystal stream
Bathe old Coimbra's lovely plain.

Mother and sisters saw me off
With hair unkempt, of tears no lack ;
Signs of the Cross and Credos pure
Rained thick upon my blessed back !

On spavined beast, with stirrups none
Nor hat, the Royal road I tread ;
My borrowed rapier cut the wind,
And greatly perilled my own head.

The slender sum at parting given
Expired the very self-same day ;
I marched as with a soldier's pass
For the remainder of the way.

Miraculous was my College life,
For good Papa, through lack of wealth,
Whene'er he wrote me by the post,
Sent only tidings of his health !

The most eminent living writer of Portugal, indeed the only one of any considerable eminence, is Senhor Almeida Garrett, a leading Deputy of the ultrà-Liberal Opposition in Lisbon, who has very high powers both as an orator and a poet ; though his poetical works appear to me to be rather deficient in strength of original thought. His prose is both brilliant and powerful. His poems are of considerable extent, and not the least of their charms is that he is a good scholar and eminent for antiquarian research. He is of the blank-verse school, which in Portugal I think a great misfortune. I extract the following as a favourable specimen, and the more willingly because it unfolds the beauties of a word, " Saudade," upon the exclusive possession of which the Portuguese particularly pride themselves. There is certainly no one word in any other European language

which conveys the same idea. It expresses the sweet yet painful sensation created by the contemplation of a beloved object from which we are separated :—

Saudade ! gôsto amargo de infelizes,
Delicioso pungir de acerbo espinho,
Que me estas repassando o intimo peito
Com dor que os seios d'alma dilacera—
Mais dor que tem prazeres ;—Saudade !
Mysterioso numen, que aviventas
Corações, que estalarão e gottejão,
Não ja sangue de vida, mas delgado
Soro de estanques lagrimas ;—Saudade !
Mavioso nome, que tam meigo soas
Nos lusitanos labios, não sabido
Das orgulhosas bocas dos Sycambros,
Destas alheias terras ;—Oh Saudade !
Magico numen, que transportas a alma
Do amigo ausente ao solitario amigo,
Do vago amante à amada inconsolavel,
E até do triste, do infeliz proscripto—
Dos entes o miserrimo na terra—
Ao regaço da patria em sonhos levas—
Sonhos que são mais doces do que amargo :
Cruel é o despartar. . . . Se piedoso
Em teus altares humidos de pranto
Depuz o coração, que inda arquejava
Quando o arranquei do peito malsoffrido
A foz do Tejo . . . Deusa, vem no carro
Que pardas rôllas gemedoras tirão,
A alma buscar-me, que por ti suspira !

Oh tender yearning ! bitterness of joy
For the unhappy, thorn of absence with
Delicious puncture piercing through the heart,
Awakening pain that lacerates the soul,
Yet hath its pleasure ;—Tender yearning grief !
Mysterious Power that canst awaken hearts,
And make them ooze forth, drop by drop distilled,
Not life-blood, but of soft and dewy tears
A solacing abundance ;—Yearning grief !
Beloved name, that sounds so honey-sweet
In lips of Lusitania, sound unknown
To the proud mouths of these Sycambrians*
Of foreign lands ;—Oh, tender yearning grief !
Thou magic Power that dost transport the soul
Of absent unto solitary friend,
Of wandering lover to his mistress lorn,
And even the sad and wretched exile, most
Unhappy of Earth's children, bear'st in dreams
Back to his country's bosom, dreams so sweet
That cruel 'tis the dreamer to awake.
If on thy humid altars, tear-bedewed,
I laid my heart, which fast was throbbing still
When from my bleeding breast I plucked it forth
At Tagus' mouth beloved ;—come in thy car,
By gently murmuring doves gray-pinioned drawn,
And seek my heart which, Goddess, sighs for thee !

* "Me natum de patre Sycambro."—*Boileau*. Garrett was then in France.

The second living writer of Portugal, who appears to deserve the name of Poet, is Antonio Feliciano de Castilho. This gentleman, who has long been deprived of sight, commenced his literary career by publishing more than 20 years since, at Coimbra of which he was then a student, his "*Cartas de Narciso a Echo*," of which he took the idea from Ovid. This work possesses no peculiar merit, except that it was the production of a mere youth, the author having then been in his 18th year. The versification is easy and flowing, but the ideas weak and deficient both in variety and imagery. The declarations of love on both sides are extravagant, and become wearisome at last by their monotony. There is only one passage in this poem which I admired on its perusal—a comparison of a lover seized and secured in the toils of passion to a bird caught on a limed twig, fluttering its wings and straining its bosom to escape, but only fastening itself more firmly by its efforts to regain liberty. Senhor Castilho has translated the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, but has availed himself largely of the previous version of Bocage, and with every disposition to pass a favourable judgment I could find no merit in this work whatever. In the same perverse spirit which actuates Senhor Garrett, he rejects for the most part the aid of rhyme, which in a language like the Portuguese would appear to present an inalienable beauty, and thus becomes frequently prosaic and insipid. His "*Amor e Melancolia, or the New Heloise*" pleases me more than any of his other productions, and from this I extract a favourable specimen, which has

assisted me with a few ideas ; it well depicts the melancholy cast of the author's mind :—

Doce filha do Parnaso,
Na c'roa, que tu me-déste,
Não ha de loiro um só ramo,
E' toda murta e cypreste.

Nem trazes rosas no seio,
Nem a frente engrinaldada ;
Aos Favonios dás a trança
Livrementemente desatada.

Escarlate ou niveo trajo,
Ou mimoso azul celeste,
Nunca a meus olhos presentas,
Só negra, funérea veste.

Minh' alma se-abraza em estro,
Bate as azas, vôa, gira :
Eis para ajustar-m'a aos cantos,
Afinas a eburnea lira :

Mas de repente uma corda
Lhe-rebente com fragor :
Era a corda consagrada
Aos hymnos de alegre amor :

Em lugar d'um aureo fio
De um tom festivo e jocundo,
Poes ferrea corda, que vibra
Das campas o som profundo.

Outros cantem seus prazeres,
Suas esp'ranças c'roadas,
E dias deliciosas,
E noites afortunadas.

De saudades e desejos
Os meus cantos so componho ;
Se algumas horas me-riem,
São curtas horas de um sonho.

Vós não ouseis os meus versos
Tocar com profana mão,
Vós, que ignorais as delicias
Que habitão na solidão.

Os felizes não me leião
- - - - - mas

Tu mancebo, em cujo peito
Uma paixão desgraçada
De pensamentos saudosos,
De vãos delirios se-agrada.

Leia-me aquelle a que a morte
Roubou com braço cruel,
E cobriu de eterna pedra
A sua amiga fiel :

Leia-me a Virgem, que á tarde,
A' hora em que baixa o Sol,
No jardim passeia, e pára
Quando escuta o Rouxinol ;

Que pensativa suspira
E mal distingue o porque ;
Com seu coração conversa,
Quando sosinha se-vê ;

Que é sempre triste de dia,
E córa, e sorri de pèjo,
Quando a Amiga lhe-protesta
Que adivinha o seu desejo.

Leia-me a espôsa inda nova,
Em seu quarto silencioso,
A' meia noite, sósinha,
Em quanto não vem o esposo.

Vós sois a minha familia,
Vós que em lagrimas amais :
Carpí comigo : do mundo
Não busco nem quero mais.

Sweet daughter of Parnassus, in the crown
Thou gav'st me, there is not one laurel branch,
'Tis myrtle, cypress all ; nor doth thy breast
Bear roses, nor thy brow a cheerful look :
Thou giv'st to sportive winds thy tresses loose.
Scarlet or snow-white robes, or pattern of
Celestial blue thou never dost present
Mine eyes, but still a black, funereal vest.
My soul doth burn with ecstasy, and flap
Its wings, then soar, and rapidly return ;

And to adjust it to the lofty song,
Thou tun'st the ivory lyre. But sudden breaks
A chord with clanging sound: it was the chord
To hymns of love successful consecrate.
In place of golden string with festive tone
And joyous thou dost fix an iron chord,
Which vibrates with the bell's sepulchral tone.
Let others sing their pleasures, crownéd hopes,
And days delicious, and their happy nights:
Of tender memories and sad desires
My strains are all composed; if smile some hours
Upon me, they are but a fleeting dream.
Dare not to touch my verse with hand profane,
Ye who are ignorant of the delights
Which dwell in solitude. Let not the happy
Read me; but thou, fond youth, in whose soft breast
A hopeless passion mournfully is pleased
With fond regrets and vain delirious thoughts.
And read me he, whom death with cruel arm
Hath robbed of his endeared and faithful love,
And covered her with the eternal stone.
Read me the Virgin, who at evening's hour,
When sinks the sun, i' th' garden walks, and stops
To hear the nightingale, and pensive sighs,
And ill distinguishes the reason why;
Who with her heart converses when she sees
She is alone, who still is sad by day,
And colours up, and smiles with scorn whene'er
Her friend protests she fathoms her desire.
Read me the spouse still young, in silent room,

At midnight all alone, while still, alas,
Her husband comes not ——
Ye are my family, who love in tears.
Come with me : of the world I seek no more.

The following is extracted from a very graceful satirical poem, entitled "*L'Emancipation des Femmes*," by Senhor Monteiro of Funchal, whose high poetical qualities I have already alluded to :—

L'Eternel, en créant ce monde sublunaire,
Ne s'y prit pas, tu sais, comme un être ordinaire,
Comme un chétif mortel, qui, d'ineptie imbu,
Ne fait rien qu'à tâtons, sans motif et sans but.
Non, non, tout fut taillé, mu par la providence,
Pour servir ses desseins, sa sage prévoyance.
Si Dieu nous mit au front deux petits yeux surnois,
Ce fut pour admirer vos séduisans minois.
S'il nous donne une fente au-dessous des narines,
C'est pour parler d'amour et croquer des pralines.
Sa bonté, protégeant mon fromage et mon riz,
Daigna créer mon chat pour happer mes souris.
S'il doua les filous d'adresse et de malice,
Ce fut pour dégourdir les agens de police.
Dans sa sagesse donc, qu'en tout, partout tu vois,
Régissant l'univers sans coups, sans porte-voix,
Il voulut vous doter, vous, humaines femelles,
Pour nourrir ses élus, de deux riches mamelles.
Il mit dans tous vos traits la tendresse et les ris ;
De l'homme en ce bas monde il vous fit les houris ;

Et vous donna la voix divine, enchanteresse,
Qui dompte à son insu notre mâle rudesse.
Mais vos lèvres d'amour n'en reçurent point l'art
Des Dupin, des Lamarque, et des Royer-Collard,
Ecumans Cicérons qui, pour gagner leur monde,
Frappent l'air de leurs poings quatre pieds à la ronde.
Et que peut au sénat un timbre de serin ?
L'éloquence, pur sang, sort d'un gosier d'airain :
Un sophisme, tonné par la voix de Lablache,
Convainc, entraîne tout, abat comme une hache ;
Tandis que déployant la plus docte oraison,
La logique en fausset n'aura jamais raison ;
Je la raille en bâillant quand elle se démène,
Surtout si sa harangue empiète sur la mienne,
D'ailleurs notre tribune est peu vaste, je crois,
Pour pouvoir contenir un ventre de neuf mois.
Et puis quelle douleur de voir un jour un membre,
En rognant le budget, accoucher à la Chambre !
Et quelques jours après, plantant là le concours,
Pour allaiter *bi-bi*, suspendre son discours.
Tu viendras m'alléguer en séduisante prose
Que l'Eternel, sans doute, embrassant votre cause,
Saura ne faire échoir votre maternité
Qu'à l'époque où la Chambre est en quartier d'été.
Que quant au lait que doit la mère à l'innocence,
La femme à cet égard a toute indépendance,
Depuis que du giron de l'ange Gabriel
Les biberons *Darbo* lui sont tombés du ciel.
C'est en vain ; tes raisons sont pure bagatelle ;
Car, après tout, comment la femme pourrait-elle

Sans trahir aux débats ses cliens francs, sensés,
Contenter ses amans de partis opposés ?

Of the old prose-writers of Portugal many possess great merit. The Cardinal-Patriarch of Lisbon, an energetic octogenarian lately deceased, was an able philological and antiquarian writer, and Senhor Silvestre Pinheiro, who is likewise very old, has produced some clever works as a legist and publicist. He is sometimes, however, singular and paradoxical in his views. The historical researches of Viscount Santarem are of the highest merit for acuteness, industry and learning. The romances of Alexandre Herculano evince considerable talent, but the incidents are frequently so wild and extravagant as to be entirely inadmissible. His poetry is vigorous at times, and the images often startling.

Portugal has produced many other writers of verse ; but excepting those whom I have favourably noticed, I cannot apply to any of them the character of a true poet. A four years' residence in the country and a sufficient acquaintance with the language and literature, justify me, I trust, in forming an opinion. There is abundant ability in the country, but politics and political intrigue absorb it all ; and I only wish that I could inspire the youth of Portugal with a desire to produce a living literature worthy of their language.

THE OCEAN FLOWER;

A Poem,

IN TEN CANTOS.



SONNET

*Addressed to the Author by Senhor José Antonio Monteiro Teixeira,
French Consul at Funchal.*

DAS aves desta Insula a harmonia,
Dos seus montes o quadro, o odor fragrante,
De Anna e Machim a historia tão tocante,
Ah! tanto int'resse incognito jazia !
Cheio de éxtase, e insólita energia,
Ergues-te, qual Apollo radiante ;
E exornas tudo em mágico descante,
Que do Lethes as agoas desafia.
Do teu estro a Madeira penhorada,
Ouvindo os meigos sons da tua lyra,
De um nobre orgulho exulta arrebatada !
Musa, em quem sacro ardor nas veias gira,
Longos annos a tí, que, destra Fada,
Sabes tornar em oiro o que te inspira !

16 Maio, 1845.

The harmony of all our Island birds,
The majesty and fragrance of our hills,
Of Anna, too, the touching history,
Lay void of interest, coldly felt, unknown ;
Till full of ecstasy thou didst arise,
All radiant with unwonted energy,
And every nook adorn with magic strains
That mock the waters of Forgetfulness.
Madeira, grateful for thy generous zeal,
Enchanted list'ning to thy lyre's sweet strains,
Feels with a noble pride her bosom bound.
Thou in whose veins a sacred ardour glows,
Long be thy years, and Health restore thee, who
Caust turn whate'er inspires thee into gold !

THE OCEAN FLOWER.

Canto I.

WHERE rolls the vast Atlantic in his pride,
A giant loosed afar from Afric's coast,
And dashes free as air his waters wide,
Careering crested like some gallant host ;

There, on the confines of the torrid zone,
Yet tempered soft by milder Northern skies,
By balmy zephyrs visited alone,
The cliffs of an enchanted Isle arise.

There, mid the verdure of eternal Spring,
Her choicest handiwork hath Nature wrought ;
The weeds like scattered flowers an incense fling ;
The flowers from Paradise a tinge have caught.

There every growth that gladdens earth's expanse
Shoots forth indigenous from charmed ground ;
There diamonds along the billows dance,
And sapphires blaze the cloudless welkin round.

There Ocean smiles a silver mirror spread,
To glass its beauties lullabied his roar ;
Or lifts in savage mood his foamy head,
And rolls in thunder 'gainst the basalt shore.

There the bright orange blooms beside the rose,
The fan-like palm upon the pansied hill ;
The tufted aloe near the violet grows,
The prickly cactus near the daffodil.

Bananas arch their scimitar-like leaves
In sweep majestic o'er the myrtle pale ;
And where his sides the Serra heav'nward heaves,
Tall cedars proudly waving scent the gale.

The nectarine and fantastic granate swell
Their juicy store beside the beauteous peach ;
And where the guáva and annona dwell,
The modest garden growths of England reach.

The slender plant which China's wealth supplies
With fragrance there its narrow leaf imbues ;
And Mocha's choicest berries crown-like rise
O'er circling foliage rich with brownest hues.

Like mermaid's tresses there lie careless spread
The long, bright leaflets of the dulcet cane ;
And solace dear of many an aching head,
The shrub narcotic which the fair disdain.

There lemon groves their odours ceaseless fling,
The platanus its globules waves in air,
And every plant and shrub and blossomed thing
Hath more aroma than it yields elsewhere.

There golden fruits, at once, and blossoms white
On many a bough 'twixt dark green foliage gleam ;
And, wild enchantment a familiar sight,
Armida's garden is no poet's dream !

There budding Spring and blooming Summer joined
With Autumn ripe in linkéd dance appear ;
And pour Phæacian treasures on each wind
The three perennial Graces of the year.

Along the coast the pleasant waters lure,
With genial sunlight and benignant skies,
All Ocean's choicest tribes ; and there, be sure,
In many a nook the basking turtle lies.

But chiefest there the Vine, the generous Vine,
The Thracian God's best gift to man below,
Swells with nectareous juices more divine
Than Rhine's or Rhone's or Chryssus'* banks be-
[stow.

Pure as the crystal fount, its stream partakes
A warmth as of the land's volcanic birth,
The spirit to its sparkling kindred makes,
And mocks at every vintage upon earth.

No reptile venomous, no serpent's coil,
Lurks in the grass, or hides in hollow tree,
And die all noxious things that touch thy soil,
Green amulet on the bosom of the sea!

Know'st thou the Island where these marvels meet,
The peerless Isle with all Earth's treasures strown,
Know'st thou the Ocean-flower so softly sweet?
Oh, surely 'tis Madeira's isle alone!

Follow with cautious steps the mountain track,
Beside the deep ribeiro's fretful rent,
By many a chasm where starts the gazer back,
When downward there his fearful eyes are bent.

* The Guadalete, which runs close to Xerez.

A thousand feet beneath thee see the vine
O'er careful trellis creep along the slope,
And far above behold the hardy pine
In sturdy pride with awful lightnings cope.

While warmly in the sheltered vale below
A gentle radiance beams from Winter's sun,
On the far summit see the gleaming snow,
And, as it melts, the infant torrent run.

Spirit of Storms ! thy throne is here at times,
And here thy terrors have peculiar sway,
When the loosed bolder 'mid the thunder-chimes
Sweeps hut and quinta headlong to the bay.

Sublime Currál ! o'er thy majestic head
Forked lightnings flash, but scatheless fall on thee ;
Three thousand feet below, the torrent's bed
Sends man's poor fragments whirling to the sea.

Enormous chasm, that seems as if their shock
Ten earthquakes joined in sunder Earth to tear ;
While pierce the clouds huge pinnacles of rock,
And Titan forms to scale Olympus dare !

And craggy spires and buttresses around
From wall precipitous shoot upwards high ;
Now cliff and peak in floating vapour drowned,
Now in dark outline limned along the sky.

Cloud-cleaving Ruívo smileth still the same
O'er all the wreck tremendous strewn afar ;
O'er chasm, ravine, and glen,—Time's shattered
frame—
The hundred shocks of elemental war !

Know'st thou the Island where these marvels meet,
The peerless Isle with all Earth's treasures strown,
Know'st thou the Ocean-flower so softly sweet ?
Oh, surely 'tis Madeira's isle alone !

The sage of Academus' listening throng,
Who made the grove with golden lore resound,
Drew an Atlantis fair as Sappho's song,
And conjured up 'mid Ocean solid ground.

There human arts and laws perfection gained,
Ah, well I ween its bounds his fancy broke ;
There guarded Freedom without license reigned,
Ah, sure in irony the Master spoke !

There Power forbore its weapons to abuse,
But then 'twas Plato who the scene conceived ;
Rich villains there were sure the suit to lose,—
That Plato was inventing, 'tis believed.

And there, too, ends political were won
Through honest paths, and not through Interest's
spring ;
Corruption, treachery, falsehood there was none ;
What pity Plato was imagining !

But dim Tradition gave his fancy range,
For 'mid the treasured lore of early Time
Was this wild record of an island strange
Fixed in the Western seas—a matchless clime !

And Ocean there, 'twas said, submerged the land,
Devouring all its monuments and fanes ;
Palace and pyramid sublimely grand,
And cities towered and harvest-teeming plains.

But one small wreck the Gods in pity left
To mark the limit of Destruction's sweep,
A highland of its continent bereft,
A limb of greatness towering from the deep.

There 'neath a warm yet blandly tempered sun,
The fairest flowers and choicest fruits of Earth
O'er the rich soil in wild luxuriance run,
And make the toil of other lands a mirth.

There all the Seasons are so finely blent,
That Spring 'mid Winter charms the raptured year,
As 'twere of Heaven an echo downward sent,
A remanet of Eden left us here !

There equably attuned is heat and cold,
And sheltered man from violent extreme ;
There gales benign invigorate the old,
And dance the young beneath the sparkling beam.

Creative Sun ! from all Earth anxious crowd
To catch thy rays the victims of disease ;
And life prolonged and lessened suffering loud
Proclaim thy power, Engaddan of the seas !

O'er the fair land prevails a genial glow
That seems to spring from out the primal rock,
Whose vitreous forms attest the lava flow,
And mark its birth in the volcano's shock.

And peak on peak at intervals ascend,
Where of subaqueous fire upheaved the pride ;
And hill and valley tossing without end
Appear a stormy Ocean petrified !

Know'st thou the Island where these marvels meet,
The peerless Isle with all Earth's treasures strown,
Know'st thou the Ocean-flower so softly sweet ?
Oh, surely 'tis Madeira's isle alone !

What forest wealth indigenous woos the breeze,
The tall vinhático and mighty til,
Cypress and cedar, dragon, locust, trees,
Azvinhos and adernos leafy still.

For all, high-favoured land, are evergreen ;
Thy odorous fayas and thy myrtles fair,
Snow-spangled urze, aroma, jessamine,
And trepadeiros* climbing every where.

The fuscia wreathes its bells o'er many a hedge,
The sweet carnation scarce escapes from scorn,
Geraniums smile upon the torrent's edge,
And Eastern roses loftiest trees adorn.

* The various creeping-plants.

See pp. 12, 55, 67.

In matchless purity the lily rears
Her slender stem and cup of pearléd snow,
In graceful bloom of maiden pride appears
The emblem meet, and plucked of maiden woe.

Oh Virgin Honour ! mirror which a breath
Can smirch and sully fouler than the toad ;
To taint thee dastardly is more than death,
For lost thy glory life becomes a load.

No, not more radiant is the queenly Moon
In cloudless skies than shines the virgin's truth ;
No, not more majesty invests the Noon
Than girds the maiden in her sinless youth.

And grovelling Vice hath ne'er a reptile spawned
More loathsome than the virgin's living snare ;
Nor e'er hath Hell with darker monster yawned
Than he whose arts would smirch that lily fair !

Flowers ! ye have here the sunshine and the dew
To feed etherially your fairy stems ;
The noonday beam imparts a brighter hue,
And morning strews your leaves with liquid gems :—

The Paradise of Flowers.

THE paradise of flowers,
Their native land is here,
Where laugh the rosy hours,
And sunlight robes the year.
Soft-breathing eve and morn
Their cups with nectar fill ;
New buds each instant born,
Drink sun and dew at will !

The passion-flower doth here
Expand more brightly warm,
The white selandria rear
More proud her lily form.
Daturas wave on high
Their vast yet graceful bells,
On branch that breasts the sky
The soft camelia dwells.

The rose more fragrant grows,
The violets sweeter smile,
The fair carnation shows
New beauty on this isle.

More bells the polyanth bears,
The hyacinth more bloom ;
New charms the dahlia wears,
The primrose new perfume.

The paradise of flowers,
Their native land is here,
Where laugh the rosy hours,
And sunlight robes the year.
Soft-breathing eve and morn
Their cups with nectar fill ;
New buds each instant born,
Drink sun and dew at will !

THE OCEAN FLOWER.

Canto II.



Canto II.

SWIFT from her moorings loose the lumbering bark,
And give the fluttering canvass to the wind ;
Along the magic coast, when soars the lark,
How sweet to glide and leave the world behind !

With sternly grand and adamantine bounds
Hath Nature girded this her choice domain ;
And barrier-crag, where wave on wave resounds,
Defy submerging of her golden plain.

See up the cliff the foamy billow rise,
Like fair Cytherea springing from the sea ;
Next instant with the wave the image flies,
Receding slow in danceful mockery.

'Tis thus with sea-nymphs peopled Greece her coasts
In Time's gray morn ere Faith was crost by Pride ;
'Tis thus in riper years the seaman boasts
The sight of Mermaids sporting in the tide.

Lo, where the beetling crag a cross displays ;*
In horror pause—for there a life was given,
By hand that snapt in sacrilege its days
Or ere the fruit was ripe, to vengeful Heaven !

Hoarse billows roar the requiem Nature lends ;
In cavernous recesses ground to mist,
With thunderous sound on high the spray ascends,
Then drops in tears and bids the daring list !

Yet deem not Life less sacred in this isle
Than 'mid Earth's capitals—more safe by far !
Here pastoral innocence hath meekest smile,
Here Peace prevails when all the world's at war.

In yon fair vale where mountain streams descend,†
See gorgeous blent the growths of every zone,
In form and colour changing without end,
And shorn of full perfection man alone.

Pass the Wolf's Bed where never wolf lay down,‡
And moor thy shallop close beneath Girau ;§
Two thousand feet of cliff above thee frown ;
Look upward, mannikin, and quake with awe !

* West of the Loo Rock.
‡ Cama dos Lobos.

† The Socorridos.
§ Cape Giráo.

Oh, fair Funchál ! around thy crescent bay
Thy clustered dwellings robed in sunny white,
'Neath sheltering Serra fringed with quintas gay,
Waft to the sea-beat eye intense delight !

Vine-terraced steeps on every side ascend,
And smiling gardens peep from every hill,
Ev'n 'mid thy dark ravines that coastward bend,
With chestnuts rich o'erhanging many a rill.

Proudly thy Castle doth its Peak surmount,
Where Gothic bastions huge the fortress crown ;
And far above Our Lady of the Mount *
Looks blandly like thy Guardian Goddess down.

And high o'er all the Serra soars to heaven,
Eternal sunshine portioning to thee ;
For capt full oft with clouds and thunder-riven,
From all but Southern gales he keeps thee free.

Gigantic Loo ! thou standest in mid-tide †
Like the blind Cyclops, shapeless, huge, and dark ;
A basalt ocean-barrier, the guide
And, ah, the ruin too of many a bark !

* The Church of N. S. do Monte. † The Ilheo, or Loo Rock.

Athwart our path see brazen Garajau *

Project afar his promontory steep,
And bound the bay like stalwart lion's paw
Plunged 'neath the tawny mountain in the deep.

By Santa Cruz upon the Eastern shore†

Mark where an ancient convent mouldering stands ;
A locust-tree fantastic fronts the door,
And slender pines i' the distance rise like wands.

Before that convent, on the tall cliff's edge,

Till latest days a Cross of cedar wood
Still firmly soared above the rocky ledge,
Though full four hundred years it there had stood.

The peasant eyed it with a reverent awe,

As holier far than aught upon the isle ;
And said the Adventurers raised it when they saw
How fair the land, how bountiful its soil.

Unconquerable Zargo, Tristan bold,

Together planted this time-honoured rood
To Christ our Lord, for Tristan's spurs of gold
Shewed him of Christ a cavalleiro good.

* Cape Garajão, or the Brazen Head.

† See pp. 47, 48.

'Twas through Our Lady Zargo smote the Moor,
And in her honour soon a Church did rear ;
But Tristan the first island shrine, be sure,
Built unto Christ, as Christ's own cavalier.

There stands the Church in loveliest ravine,
Where falls Machico 'neath its Alpine range ;
There Machin's chapel with its cross is seen ;
Give ear, I pray, unto a legend strange :—

Anna D'Arfet.

WHEN France' and Scotland's captive kings
The mighty Edward's court adorned,
And first Old England spread her wings
For conquest's flight from bounds she scorned ;
A knight full valiant was the sire
Of Anna D'Arfet, oh how fair !
Who secret loved a poor young squire,
But rich in graces rare.

Ah me ! though tongues should not proclaim,
Yet youthful eyes will tell their love ;
Poor Machin ill could hide his flame,
And both were base deceit above.

The haughty D'Arfet chides the boy,
His eye in lightning fury rolls ;
A word, a look, their hopes destroy,
And sunder two young souls !

It was a lord of high degree
That D'Arfet destined for the maid,
And Robert could no longer see
The idol still his soul obeyed :
And oft did Anne, while tears would start,
Her mother answer with this word :
“ Oh, ill can brook the generous heart
“ A stern enforced lord !”

By Severn D'Arfet's castle stood,
And Anne was thither trembling borne ;
But Machin on his destrier good
Swift followed where his love lay lorn ;
And scaled by night the castle wall,
And stood within his Anna's bower,
And gallantly at Love's sweet call
Defied her father's power :—

“ Oh Anna, we have tried the stars,
“ And found our fates together mixed ;
“ And if a cloud our union mars,
“ Not less our horoscope is fixed.
“ The same bright eyes upon our birth
“ Shone from the dark blue vault of Heaven ;
“ To both, in sadness as in mirth,
“ The same pure will is given.

“ Across the seas, my love, we'll sail
“ Unto the shores of Normandie,
“ Where holy priest shall without fail
“ Unite thy Robin fond and thee.”
As bursts a sunbeam through a cloud,
All radiant Anna's face became ;
The mist of tears grew glances proud :—
“ My thought was just the same !”

“ Oh, I will brave the stormy wind
“ And savage sea full soon, full soon ;
“ Though tempests howl thou'lt still look kind,
“ More unto me than Sun to Moon.

“ Ne’er with another will I wed,
“ Although of kingliest degree,
“ For better far, oh better dead
“ Than living without thee !

“ Ill fares the pilgrim lone, I ween,
“ From Albion’s shore since (wondrous boy !)
“ Black Edward did by Creçy’s green
“ The chivalry of France destroy.
“ My stalwart sire slew ten that day,
“ Yet French revenge I’d sooner meet
“ Than *his* dark brow that seems to say :—
“ ‘ Death to thy Robin sweet ! ’ ”

A rapturous kiss did Robert steal
From Anna’s fresh and rosy lips,
Then launched a bark for wo or weal,
That lay ’mongst Bristol’s swarming ships.
Next night he bore with wild ha-ha
Unto the vessel his adored,
Four mariners besides ; but, ah !
No pilot went on board.

Uprose the North-wind in his wrath,
And tost their bark ere broke the Morn,
Like nutshell in a torrent's path,
Till far into the Atlantic borne.
Dark scowled the Heavens, deep howled the storm,
Nor lightning-flash nor thunder slept ;
But while her arm clasped Robert's form,
That maiden never wept.

The stars in fear their light withdrew,
The cataracts of Heaven did pour,
From mountain wave to wave they flew,
Mid dashing spray and hissing shower.
Ah me ! it was a trial dread
For one so gently nurst that care
Had scarcely winged o'er that sweet head
So youthful and so fair.

For seven long days and nights before
That fearful wind they headlong drove,
And ne'er a glimpse obtained of shore,
Their only pilot blind young Love.

No chart nor compass guides their course ;
 A crucifix on Anna's breast
Is all their hope, and voices hoarse
 With prayer their woes attest.

Far, far is lovely France behind,
 Far, far the beauteous hills of Spain ;
Ah me ! tis rash to tempt the wind
 In slender bark on Ocean's plain.
But Love, that made Leander swim
 The Hellespont to Hero's bower,
And Hero aye her cresset trim,
 Supports them in that hour.

Oh God ! it is, it is the land
 That mid their pathway straight doth rise ;
A giant mountain towering grand,
 A bright new world salutes their eyes.
On bended knees straight fell the crew,
 And raised the litanie of Christ :
“ Oh Jesu ! ” murmured Anne, “ I knew
 “ Thy Godlike arm sufficed.”

Now fell the storm, and broke the Sun

In glory through that Southern sky ;

O'er all the land tall forests run,

A gentle stream falls rippling nigh ;

A haven sweet where cedars nod *

Received them as they touched the shore,

And, save the birds that hymned to God,

Nought living met them more.

In pure crystalline brook they laid

Their thirst with many an eager draught,

And never mortal lips decayed

Revived so rapid as they quaffed.

Then looking up, a beauteous vale

Their eyes as with a spell doth fix ;

A thousand scents embalm the gale,

A thousand colours mix.

In brighter plumage countless birds

Warble their loves from trees unknown ;

Soft zephyrs seem to waft new words,

And matchless flowers spring wild and lone.

* Machico.

An aged tree with hollow stem
Sheltered the lovers for the night ;
The crew—sufficed the bark for them ;
The sea was their delight.

But, ah, not yet the storm had past,
The wind had merely shifted round ;
Uprose that night a fearful blast,
And tore them from their anchorage ground ;
Nor ceased the raging storm to blow,
Till broke their ship on Afric's coast ;
And captives they were borne in wo
Where Atlas' summit's lost.

Two days and nights the tempest howled,
And Anne and Robert deemed it strange
No ship was there—low mutterings growled—
And murky gloomed their vision's range.
The third day all was calm again,
And sunlit and serenely bright ;
But, God that mak'st thy sport of men,
No ship careered in sight !

All fresher gleams each blade of grass,
Each odoriferous herb new prest,
And dewy diámonds amass
Their gems o'er Nature's fragrant breast.
The birds sing livelier from the boughs ;
Ah, mocking birds, your zeal is crost,
For Robert and his lovely spouse
Now feel that they are lost !

And Anna drooped from that dread hour ;
Poor bruised flower, her spirits pine ;
But murmured still while she had power :
“ In life, in death, I'm, Robin, thine ! ”
The heavy grief, the mortal fear
Soon struck her mute in that lone isle,
And life did soon like death appear,
And ghastly was her smile.

Oh, who shall paint the bitter pang
Of Machin's grief that doleful day ?
Through circling woods his voice it rang :
“ 'Twas I that lured thee, Anne, away !

“ Oh, curst the hour of Machin’s birth,
“ And curst the night he sailed from land ! ”
But speechless Anne the cross took forth,
And placed it in his hand.

And Robert well the sign received,
And blest that pale, yet angel face,
And on his knee, of Hope bereaved,
With Faith consoled his piteous case ;
And there supported Anna’s head,
And kissed and cheered her as he could :
But Anna’s spirit Heavenward fled,
Alone on Earth he stood !

So gently passed her soul away
That Robert could not yet believe
His kisses woke of life no ray,
Until her bosom ceased to heave ;
Then loud arose his frantic wail,
And hushed each warbler on the tree,
And all the echos of the vale
Gave back his agony.

“ Oh, hide, thou Sun, thy laughing light,

“ And veil the Earth a funeral pall

“ For beauty sunk in endless Night,

“ For Love’s sweet chalice turned to gall.

“ Her outward loveliness the least

“ Of charms outshining Stars and Moon ;

“ *I* slew her, *I*, oh savage beast !

“ My Anne, I’ll follow soon !

“ Sweet love, sweet spouse, sweet heart and soul !

“ Oh God, my aching brain will burst.

“ Is this my young Ambition’s goal ?

“ For this were all my visions nurst ?

“ Wake, Anne—Great Heaven, she turns to clay ;

“ Outlive I cannot my adored,

“ I feel existence ebb away,

“ And grief shall be a sword ! ”

He bore her to a neighbouring cave,

And, smote in youthful manhood’s pride,

By Anna’s corpse in living grave

He gently laid him down and died.

And Zargo, saith the legend, found

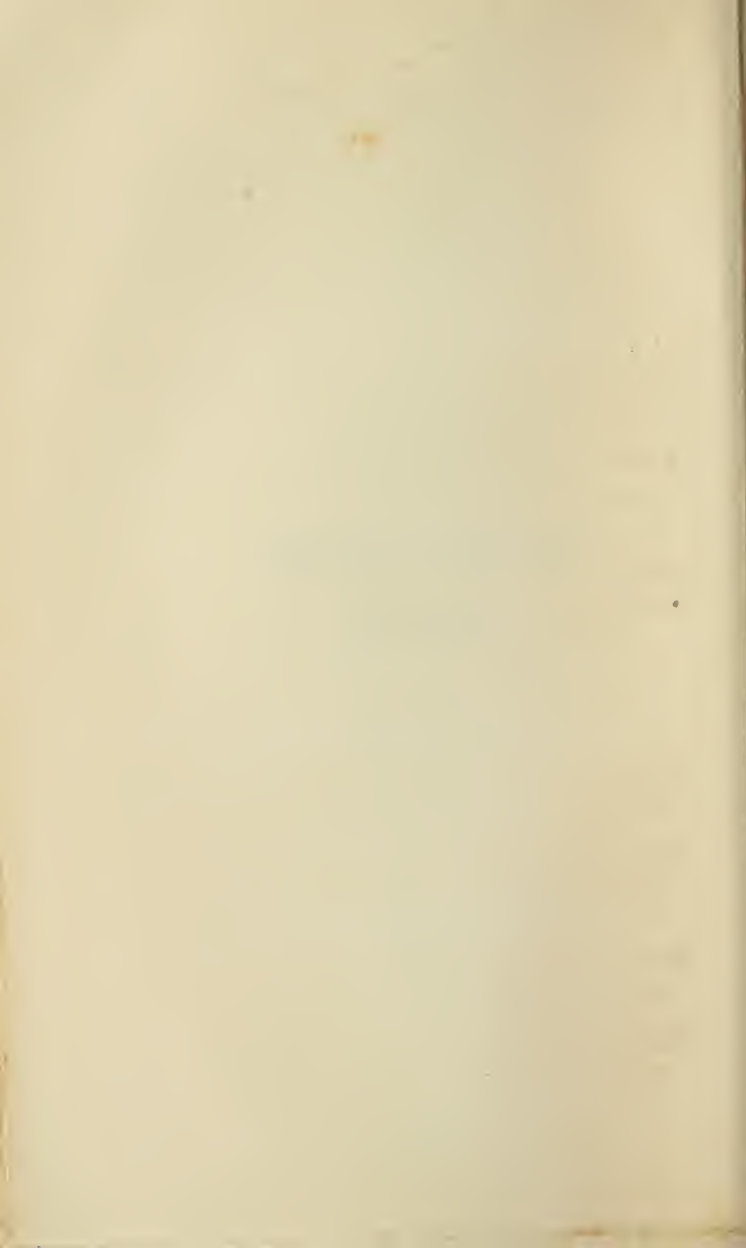
The bones of this devoted pair,

From Machin named the valley round,

And raised the chapel there.

THE OCEAN FLOWER.

Canto III.



Canto III.

OH, Navigator Henry, Prospero grand !

I see thy stately form o'er Ocean rise,
A globe beneath thy feet, a chart in hand,
And bright Discovery sparkling from thine eyes.

Patron of sailors, planter of the Rood,

Thy fine device—on Princely shield how rare !
Shewed “all thy talent lay in doing good ;”
Methinks I trace thy English mother there.

The genius plumed of venturous Emprise

First sprang from thee and o'er the waters flew ;
And all the splendour England now enjoys
Thou from her Henries named didst lead her to !

What are Earth's arméd Conquerors to thee,

Thou Conqueror of the seas and friend of man ?
Thy path towards Ind was peaceful, joyous, free,
While blood and tears o'er Alexander's ran.

Yet, oh, thy star-built tower a ruin stands,
 Whence sailed thy glorious expeditions forth ;
Thy mutable descendants fold their hands,
 Nor even an obelisk records thy worth.

By Heaven, at Sagres to thy Godlike name
 Should giant Pyramid stupendous rise ;
More fit thy enduring work be marked to fame,
 Than Pharaoh's vanities should cleave the skies !

At Sagres Henry mused his course sublime
 Through seas rebellious and through guiding stars,
When came the Amiral to Algarve's sweet clime,
 Victorious o'er the Moor in all his wars.

Zargo his name—a name Don John had given,
 When knighthood's grace conferred his Royal
 sword,
For knightliest daring 'gainst the foes of Heaven
 By Ceuta's walls where fame he first explored.

Intrenched in fortress of his own design,
 The Ismaelite in hundreds he had slain ;
And challenged by a Sheik of Mahmoud's line
 To single combat on the sandy plain,

Before the city, slew the turbaned chief
With lance, toledo, and the Virgin's aid,
The siege triumphant closed in season brief,
And took his name whose pride in dust he laid.

But clustering came in swarms the Saracen,
Until their thousands were by hundreds cast ;
And forced were noble Henry and his men
To fly from Tanger's towers, when years were past.

And, ah, great-souled Fernando, martyr-prince,
Left as a hostage Henry's force behind,
Disdained through Ceuta's loss from death to wince,
But calmly to the axe his head resigned.

Sublime devotion of the elder days,
And marble-hearted pride of Lusitain !
A Prince was butchered to the world's amaze,
Ere one small bulwark could the Moor regain !

Be thine the martyr-crown and lilies, thine
The praise of constancy and hero-fame ;
If Spain can boast amidst her Royal line
A Saint Fernando, Lusitania boasts the same.

Dear to the slaughtered Prince had Zargo been,
And dear to Henry by a hundred ties,
Nor least that he was first in galleys seen
With loud artillery to rend the skies.

And now from sweeping the contested seas,
That stretch between Alcides' bulwarks grand,
Moor and Castilian crushed alike with ease,
The Amiral returned doth modest stand.

“ My Prince, no work remains to accomplish here ;
“ Thy planned discoveries we may now pursue ;
“ A pilot of Castile, late captured near,
“ I bring whose wondrous tale meseemeth true.

“ Juan de Amores, to the Prince relate
“ What thou hast heard, and what I fain believe ;
“ And oh, great Prince, be mine the glorious fate
“ This ocean-web of mystery to unweave.”

Then told Amores how an English bark
Had many a year before been tempest-driven
Upon an island of majestic mark,
Far in the Atlantic, favoured high of Heaven.

And how the bark was after cast ashore

In Barbary, where the crew were sold as slaves,
With currents, winds, and many a signal more
That might the Adventurer guide across the waves.

Listened the Prince with eager-throbbing breast,
And questioned him full keenly o'er and o'er ;
Then in pursuit of this new region blest
Resolved the wide Atlantic to explore.

And straight the King approved of the design,
And made stout Zargo captain of the fleet—
Three arméd ships which soon in gallant line
From beauteous Lisbon through the waters beat.

'Twas when Demetra strews the teeming plain
With gold and purple fruit and yellow corn ;
And favouring gales impelled them o'er the main,
As if in Heaven the fair design was born.

Along their path mid deep blue summer seas,
The porpoise gambolled and the dolphin flew ;
And tuneful trovador when fell the breeze
With strain like this inspired the listening crew:—

The Keys of Coímbra.

Don Sancho hath lost both reason and crown,
Since Alonzo his recreant brother
Hath drawn on the monarch Pope Innocent's frown,
And sits on the throne of another.

Don Sancho hath lost what his crown out-charms,
For with darkly inhuman malice
His beautiful Queen hath been torn from his arms,
And the King been torn from his Palace.

So well Rosalinda loved her lord,
That the hate of Alonzo it kindled ;
But after that hour she spoke never a word,
And her days to a span were dwindled.

The Kingdom by false Alonzo is won,
All, all save Coímbra loyal,
Which brave old Freitas will yield to none
Save the tromp of his master Royal.

Alonzo hath laid to that old rock siege,
And his troops fill Mondégo's valley ;
But the veteran gray, ever true to his liege,
Hath smote them in many a sally.

For a terrible oath hath Freitas sworn,
The fortress's brave defender,
That the keys he will never to mortal born
Save the hands of his King surrender.

Twelve lingering moons the siege did last,
And with blood their bread was watered,
And each living thing in that terrible fast
Save man had for food been slaughtered.

And murmurs arose from woman and child,
And from men, too, gaunt with famine;
And babes still plump did the archer wild
With a wolfish eye examine.

But still said the stern old warrior gray,
The rampart his corse should smother
Ere rebel Alonzo should o'er it sway—
That vile unnatural brother!

Ah me! grim hunger through stone will tear;
Coimbra with horror frozen
Saw children slaughtered savagely there;
The loveliest were chosen!

The cry for surrender swelled apace,

Through streets by grim death made lonely ;

Said Freitas : “ I’ve sworn the keys to place

“ In the hands of Don Sancho only.

“ That oath, great monarch forlorn and pale,

“ I will keep, though my heart is broken

“ To hear bereaved mothers their babes bewail,

“ Till with tears the ground is soaked.

“ Oh desolate King ! I ne’er will stray,

“ Though all the world forsake thee ;

“ Though Pontiffs depose thee and brothers betray,

“ My Sovereign still I’ll make thee.

“ Ho ! saddle me strong Relámpago straight,

“ San Gabriel’s sallyport oping.”

Then dashed that old warrior, scoffing at fate,

Adown by the glacis sloping ;

And swam the Mondégo and made him a breach,

While the foe stood aghast with wonder ;

Though showered all their arrows, full soon beyond
reach

The hoofs of his war-horse thunder.

Two days and two nights he furious rode,
Till he reached Toledo city,
Relámpago fell, to the gate as he strode,
And the old man wept with pity.

“Oh gallant, oh generous steed, heart’s core !
“Thy master hath been demented ;”
But gallant Relámpago breathed no more,
And Freitas sore lamented.

A bitterer grief doth Heaven prepare,—
For sunk neath his weight of sorrow,
Oh, never again in Toledo fair
On Sancho will shine a morrow !

Beside that desolate Royal tomb,
The old man’s prostrate kneeling,
His sobs mid the grand Cathedral’s gloom
For revenge to Heaven appealing :—

“A traitorous world and a brother accurst
“Have slain thee, oh Royal master !
“Be his the fell doom of the murderer first,
“And blight him each dire disaster !

“Oh, wo is the day, my King, my King,
“That stretched in the grave thy glory ;
“But kept is my vow, and the charge I bring
“Thou didst trust to thy servant hoary.”

He oped the tomb and surveyed the face,
Where still a sad grandeur lingers ;
And Coimbra's iron keys did place
In the dead King's clay-cold fingers.

Or ere two weeks their slender race had run,
A cloud of densest vapour seemed to rise
Full in their course, as if to blot the Sun,
And spread destruction o'er those lovely skies.

A supernatural dread the sailors woke,
And straight the cry arose and 'gan to swell
That twas sulphureous and mephitic smoke
Vomited from the yawning gulf of Hell !

And gaped, they swore, of Tartarus the chasm,
There to receive them, did they venture on ;
And while this panic clutched them in its spasm,
Their scowling eyes bid Zargo's self begone.

But Zargo was not made of stuff to yield,
And quietly but firmly at the helm
He stood, and made his trustier comrades wield
Both rope and spar, and strain for a new realm.

And when the cry of mutiny arose,
Thus brief and stirring was his bold address :—
“What ! Ye be Lusitans, whom fiercest foes
“Could never in the field with fears oppress ?

“And are ye thus degenerate from your Sires,
“Whose thews were iron and whose nerves were
oak ?
“True heart in search of glory never tires ;
“Why, look ye, men, what frightens you is smoke!

“The Virgin and St. Francis not to oppose
“Invoke, ye reverend men who share our toil.”
Then straight the “*Ave Maris Stella!*” rose,
A powerful hymn when stormiest billows boil.

Now Zargo unto San Francisco bore
Devotion special, and might oft be seen
To count a rosary in his belt he wore,
Whenever crost his reckoning had been.

And two Franciscans in his stout ship sailed,
Who here his heart to comfort prayed aloud ;
And when his hoped success had well nigh failed,
To San Francisco he two convents vowed.

Full well he did redeem that promise spoke,
And one now holds the Sisters of Saint Clair,
Who bow their necks to San Francisco's yoke,
And Zargo's honoured dust reposeth there.

And what with manly speech and pious vow
Of convents vast he quelled the sailors' fear,
And full upon the vapour bore his prow,
When shadowy forms in midst of it appear.

"Now, now," quoth Zargo, frantic with delight,
"Behold the rich reward of all our toil.
"See peak on peak career upon the sight
"From out yon vapour. See the blessed Isle!"

A loud hurrah burst wildly from the crew,
Who ran and danced, of all their terrors cured ;
The Hell-born smoke that so appalled their view
Was exhalations from the Serra poured.

Not long was Zargo's joy immoderate seen,
Too calm his bearing and too great his soul,
Too eagle-eyed his ken of life, I ween,
To spurn at wisdom's temperate controul.

Too firmly poised his habit of command
Not to command e'en Zargo's self in turn ;
Oh mightiest task for human heart and hand,
To quench the passions when they keenly burn !

And all must learn to bend the mortal clay
To serve in bondage to the immortal mind,
Who would to Glory tread the thorny way,
And leave a deathless memory behind.

Thus checked the Chief the ardour of his men,
And careful looked to helm and sail and spar,
Each seaman urging to his post again,
Lest aught of lax remissness prove a bar.

And breathless as of old the Olympic throng,
When to the goal uprushed the burning wheels,
Each holds his post as moves the fleet along,
And each of Discipline the grandeur feels.

Now breaks the coast from out the sparkling wave ;
A long low promontory Eastward falls,
Which Zargo from the Proto-Martyr brave,
His ship's great patron, Point Lorenzo * calls.

From iron cylinders' unwieldly mass,
Along the deep the booming salvo rolled ;
Its rude, untried, but powerful thunders pass,
And echoing skies of Zargo's triumph told.

* Point St. Lourenço.—Ins. III.

THE OCEAN FLOWER.

Canto IV.



Canto 13.

OH Freedom ! of Man's dignity the seal ;
Divinest blessing—whatsoe'er be said,—
Enhancing every other joy we feel,
Ennobling raggedness mid scanty bread !

The fattened slave, the fop with fettered limbs,
The minion hanging on a Tyrant's nod,
Deserve no more than eunuchs trilling hymns
To stand erect in presence of their God !

There are two Powers, before whose altars pure
I have through perils worshipped from my youth,
Mid social torture and mid sparkling lure,
Mid sun and storm—those Powers are Freedom,
Truth.

Nor deem I Man who either would betray
To base Expediency or gains abhorred,
Or ev'n their smallest element unsay
For arméd satellite or silken lord !

But few, alas, are fortresses unbent

Withstanding stubborn virtue's sap. What then ?
Power needs but blend its frowns with blandishment ;
This earth is peopled with the shades of men !

And each man hath his price ! Well, is it so ?

Why not perhaps in gold—though best untried—
But all in some affection lofty or low,
Vainglory, vanity, ambition, pride !

And those whom Tyrants bend not they would break,
Upon the wheel of Calumny too oft ;
And fools who at a whispered falsehood quake
Believe and shun, if Honour's self be scott.

And Malice leagued with Indolence doth spoil
The honest, bold man's views, though snowy pure ;
The base in their own hearts read motives vile,
The weak believe whate'er the base adjure.

Oh, human sheep that leap the self-same ditch,
And shun as plagued who acteth his own part,
No Patriot true is long at plauding pitch,
No plauded Demagogue is pure at heart !

This mystery to the many is unknown—

The secret privilege of higher minds ;

Thence holds the Villainy of Power its throne,

Thence Freedom's mangled corse still taints the

[winds:

Oh, free is Ocean, free and truthful they

Who bounding o'er its waters live and die ;

And these who first now trod Adventure's way

Unconscious scattered seeds of Liberty !

By gentlest wind impelled the ships sailed on,

And wonder filled them at the rock-bound coast,

Where strand or shore or harbour there was none,

And all their long sea-toiling seemed as lost.

“ Now, Christ to aid ! ” quoth fiery Tristan, “ here

“ Impenetrable rocks and woods advance,

“ As if to guard a matchless Eden near

“ From fiends' incursion and from Satan's lance.

“ Ho, Escudeiro, bring my armour straight,

“ My golden spurs of Christ, my sword and shield ;

“ For I this isle will enter, daring fate,

“ Although 'gainst hundreds I should take the

[field.”

While clanked the mail, and escudier and page,
Greave, cuirass, cuiss, and hauberk fitted right,
The trovador, who smiling marked his rage,
Sang this romaunt to calm the impatient knight :—

Líndarajár.

The gallant Gazúl is his name,
Who comes dashing on Andaluz barb,
He is full of the trophies of fame,
Alcalde of Moorish Algarb.
From the lists of Galvéz he hath come,
Full of lady-gifts spurring afar,
Like a soldier at sound of the drum,
To the bower of fair Lindarajár.

Oh, trust me, he waited not long,
When he spied his sweet lady-love's charms,
Till he leapt from his barbaro strong,
And flew into Lindara's arms.
“ Say what, as Gazúl honour sought
“ With his lance in the pageant of war,
“ And vanquished each foe, was the thought
“ Of his beautiful Lindarajár ? ”

A smile, and a blush, and a glance
Of her long-fringéd eyes to the ground
Was the answer which pierced like a lance,
And slightly the warrior frowned.
“ ’Tis weaving a garland to wreath
“ A Knight you ne’er chained to your car,
“ Whose sword Honour pants to unsheathe,
“ Was the task of young Lindarajár.”

“ And who be the Knight ? ” said Gazúl
Love and hate in his deep-troubled eye :—
“ Fresh roses where sings the bulbúl
“ I plucked and put daffodils nigh ;
“ Then joined the sweet violet blue,
“ Whose odour you scent from afar,—
“ ’Tis the flower that denotes lovers true—
“ For the garland of Lindarajár.”

“ And who be the knight ? ” said Gazúl,
With a voice that rose haughtily grand ;
From an alcove by fountains made cool
She bore the gay wreath in her hand.

With rapturous smile on his head

She placed it, her eye like a star :

“Gazúl, couldst thou doubt it?” she said,

“Is the hero of Lindarajár!”

With kisses he covered her face :—

“By Allah, could Troy’s shepherd see

“Thy beauty, thy archness, thy grace,

“He had left the stol’n Helen for thee!—”

“Oh, steal *me*, Gazúl!”—at the word

He bore her to horse without bar,

And flew to Algarb like a bird,

Where his bride is young Lindarajár.

Calm in heroic dignity behind

Stood Zargo, smiles illumining his face ;

His keen eye ever tow’rds the coast inclined,

And first he pointed to a landing-place ;

A pigmy strand with thickest woods o’erhung,

Where bright-plumed birds incessant poured their
notes,

Since named Machico by the general tongue,

And thither lusty arms soon urged the boats.

With shout of joy here Tristan leapt to shore,
By Zargo followed and his rovers free,
Who kist the ground delighted o'er and o'er,
And told a rosary all on bended knee.

Then wonder seized them at the faëry view
Eclipsing all that they had heard or seen,
Trees that arose in form and colours new,
And flowers unknown on loveliest emerald green.

Dark-hair'd, pyramidal cedars waved on high,
Tils vermeil-leaved with rose-strewn fayas mixed,
Kist tall vinháticos the deep blue sky,
Folhados, barbuzans their glances fixed.

Wood-crownéd hills arose on every side,
And rippled in the midst a joyous stream,
And matchless flowrets strewed its margins wide,
Thence fed with dews to allay the solar beam.

A Paradise indeed ! The gardens fair
Of the Hesperides were here surpassed ;
Of Cyrus and Semiramis, whate'er
Romance or History tells outvied at last.

And Zargo and his comrades radiant brows
 With madresilva and with laurel crowned ;
And mindful of Donzells and plighted vows,
 With love-wrought silken vests their bosoms bound.

And many an hour through that sweet sylvan scene
 They roved romantic musing on their love,
Fresh garlands culling from the virgin green,
 And gazing oft where towered new trees above :—

The Giant-Til.

Of forest trees there's none, there's none
 Can match the mighty Til ;
Like rubies that sparkle in the Sun,
 His leaves the horizon fill.
His girth it is a giant's,
 And his shade a host might hide ;
 A forest is he,
 That single tree,
So stately and so wide !

When Zargo lighted on our Isle
A monster-Til he found,
Whose branches measured—nay, do not smile—
A thousand paces round!
Cold-blooded Northern sceptics,
Behold what our Sun can do ;
Of stalwart men
Hand-linked were ten
To embrace that Til too few !

'Twas in the Cadéa Velh' he stood
Till Spain usurped the crown,
When Philip for his Armada-wood
The noble tree cut down.
Its beauteous veins dark-polished
Shone in many a gay saloon ;
But a storm arose,
And his English foes
That Armada finished soon !

Of forest trees there's none, there's none
Can match the mighty Til ;
Like rubies that sparkle in the Sun,
His leaves the horizon fill.

His girth it is a giant's,
And his shade a host might hide ;
A forest is he,
That single tree,
So stately and so wide !

From Zargo's ship, the San Lorenzo, rolled
The rude artillery its grand salute,
While with aspergis the Franciscans old
Blest and exorcised island, soil, and fruit.

And flung the sacred water, as ordained,
North, South, East, West, o'er vale and Serra fair,
Conjuring all the demons they contained,
And piously the Cross implanted there.

Then, as afresh the huge artillery roared,
They coasted Westward in their skiffs reclined,
Still wondering how the forest heav'nward soared,
But found no sheltered harbour to their mind ;

Till burst a beauteous valley on their view,
With gently swelling hills on either side ;
But far retreating woods sprang ever new,
And a strong torrent rushed into the tide ;

“ The Socorridos ” named in after days,
And Tristan was preparing straight to land,
When graver Zargo fixed on him his gaze,
And on his stalwart shoulder laid his hand :—

“ Not here, by’r Lady, where the swollen stream
“ May dash our boats against the jagged cliffs ;
“ Great Nature here repels us, but I deem
“ That higher we may safely moor our skiffs.”

Success rewarded Zargo’s pious thought,
For straight a little harbour came in view
Where sea-wolves* thronged the cliffs, and terror
wrought
Such fears that into Ocean’s depths they flew.

“ Now, be this called, quoth Zargo, the “ Wolf’s
Bed,†
“ Since by the Virgin’s and St. Francis’ aid,
“ Our proas here to harbour safe are led,
“ And flies the wolf by Heavenly hosts dismayed.”

* The seal is so called by the Portuguese.

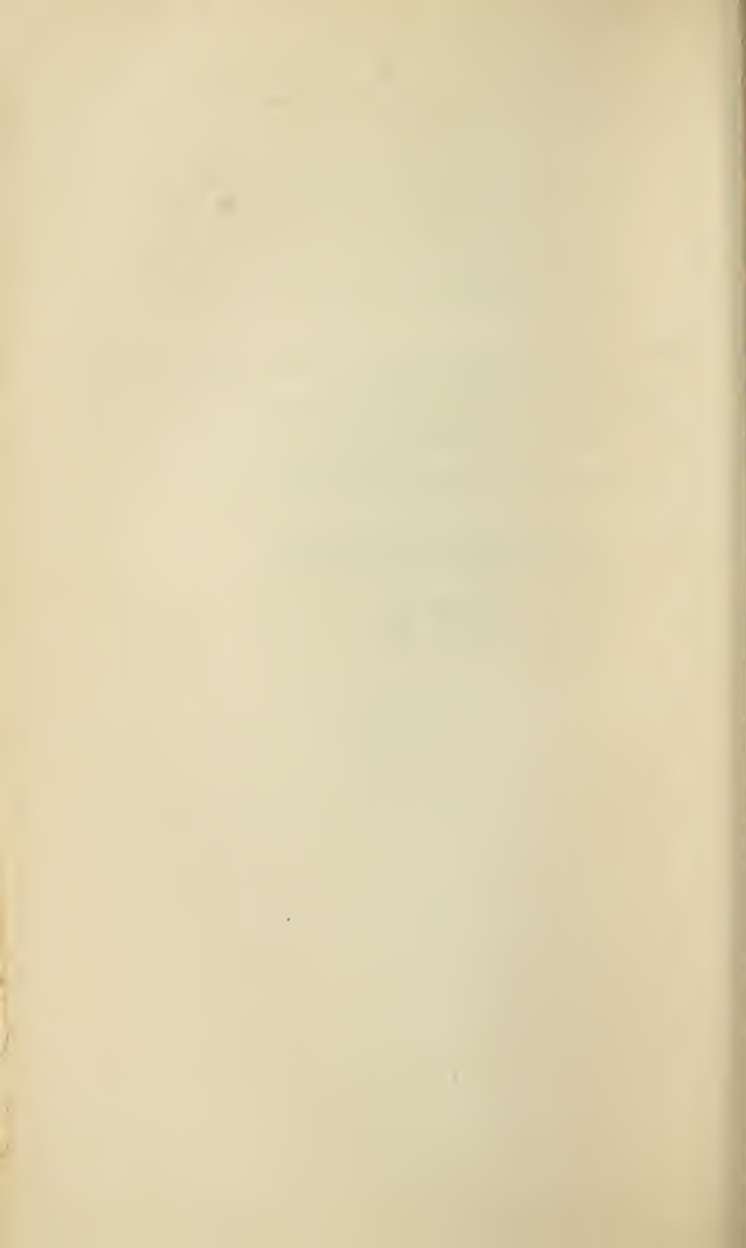
† Cama dos Lobos.

And as with glistening eyes they neared the land,
The harbour safer seemed, more still the wave,
And beetling basalt rocks like guardians stand
To shelter its approach when tempests rave.

Out Zargo sprang, and being a belted knight
Said:—For our valiant Lord the King Don John
I seize this Isle, and as woods clothe it quite
MADEIRA be it named, GOD's will be done !

THE OCEAN FLOWER.

Canto V.



Canto V.

WHILE golden sunsets grandly close the day
With gorgeous hues magnificently bright,
And fleecièst clouds melt momentarily away
To shapes still lovelier clothed with magic light ;

Here oft in visible divergence shower
Like fiery arrows Eve's empyrean beams,
Crystálline, emerald, amethyst, whose power
From dazzling centre like a glory streams.

Resplendent arch ! not here as in the North
Vague brightness mixes every paler ray ;
But separate coruscations flaming forth
Robe in full panoply the God of Day !

'Tis Night ! how pure the lustre Cynthia lends,
As down the sky in silver car she rides ;
How deeply blue the firmament extends,
What trembling brilliance sparkles on the tides !

Oh jarring nations, wherefore War declare ?

Look upward shamed to Heaven's harmonious hall :
There Sun and Moon alternate glory share ;
Though wide their mighty sphere, 'twere else too
small !

Here Man discovereth all his pettiness

In presence of the Eternal's grand designs,
Seems by the side of giant Nature less,
And reads distincter the celestial signs.

From the tall Serra seen the starry maze

More piercing enters the enraptured soul,
And Ocean's vastness grows upon the gaze,
Swathing our feeble orb from pole to pole.

Say, what remaineth of the works of men ?

Their strong-built castles moulder on the green ;
When fades the gilded hall from fondest ken,
The torturing dungeon to the last is seen !

The monuments of impious war survive,

And blood-cemented wreck of passion-storms ;
The good within him Man exhales alive,
The evil takes imperishable forms !

Say, what remaineth of this race accurst ?

 The sediment of vice, the dregs of crime ;
While shines, oh God ! thy starlight as at first,
 And Ocean rolls as in the morn of time.

And Thou more changeless ev'n than they dost fill
 Immeasurable space with boundless power,
Suffering the human atom's puny will,
 Eternity to Thee a present hour !

Now bend the Adventurers to the Island's verge,
 Where falls Lorenzo's long and broken line,
And, gloomy as mid bridal sounds a dirge,
 The bleak Desertas mar the billows' shine.

Scared by that fleshless monster of the main,
 Who bears nor vine nor verdure on his shore,
Through dashing surf the island coast they gain,
 And wild Lorenzo's mysteries explore.

Fantastic peaks of solid cliff arise
 To mountain range by many an isthmus' side,
Where the Atlantic warm of Southern skies
 Ten paces from his Northern limb divide.

Huge headlands high their craggy bulwarks raise,
As hewn from adamant by Cyclop hands,
And, sentinels to sweet retiring bays,
Full many a pyramid basaltic stands.

And cave and natural archway, Ocean's toys,
And shapes too wild for mortal fancy's dream,
Show how on lonely shores the giant joys
To pour in frolic shapes his mighty stream.

On yon green mount the Knight-Adventurers stood,*
And long the lovely prospect drank their eyes ;
Calm, high-souled Zargo found that it was good,
But rasher Tristan swore 'twas Paradise !

'Tis there to-day a modest temple stands
Sacred to Mercy smiling o'er the waves,
Where oft the mariner with horny hands
Invokes the Virgin whose protection saves ;

And oft returning shattered from the deep,
Hangs up the votive picture near her shrine,
Weeps o'er his comrades who 'neath Ocean sleep,
And murmurs : "But for thee their fate were mine!"

* N. S. da Piedade.

For here an amphitheatre of hills

Swept sheltering upwards a fair strand around ;
And Zargo fixed amid three murmuring rills
The island Capital upon this ground.

And for that on this stripe of level strand

(There's round the Isle, I ween, no other mall)
Grew store of fennel gay by zephyrs fanned,
The Donatório named the place Funchál.

And ever mindful of the Virgin's aid,

A goodly Church he reared unto her fame,
And crowned it with a tower now quite decayed,
Our Lady of the Strand the church's name.*

And when this wondrous pile was all complete,

'Twas consecrate with ceremonies high,
And wanderer none throughout the isle you'd meet
But stood that morn the fair Calháo nigh.

The Commissário by great Henry named

Did body forth the Royal presence there ;
And Christ's most noble Knights for valour famed
Of that day's glory had a goodly share :

* N. S. do Calháo, swept away in the flood of 1803.

For all the Island's spirituals gave
Unconquered John to them and theirs for aye ;
The glorious Henry was their Mestre brave,
And loved him tenderly Our Lord El Rei.

And shone these gallant Knights—a stately row—
The Commissário, Tristan too, at head,
With shoulder vestments white as drifted snow,
Whose blazoned cross a glittering lustre shed.

And each good sword upon its stalwart thigh
Reposing seemed a cross, for hilt and blade
Were cruciform disposed by mandate high,
That these might be as Christ's true Knights displayed.

The Zargo shone in armour new that day,
With golden spurs Don John himself had given,
And proud he looked the firstling fruits to pay
Of this his grand discovery unto Heaven.

And showed his shield the arms El Rei designed,
A tower of silver and a cross of gold,
And two sea-wolves against the tower reclined,
Device most fitting for Adventurer bold.

And bore he sturdily in dexter hand,
With heart that never surge or storm made faint,
Of Santiago the estandart grand,
Whom made the King the Island's patron Saint.

And well, I ween, that Saint the Isle doth clear
From plagues and fevers down to latest days,
For which full-robed the Camera walks each year
To fair Socorro's temple in his praise.

Behind tall tapers bore the Brothers good
Of San Francisco, Zargo too was one ;
The Irmandáde of Sacramento stood
Beside the Carmo Guild till all was done.

And while from many a censer densest cloud
To God and to the Virgin fragrant streams,
The grand "Magnificat" is pealed aloud,
Through limnéd windows pierce the solar beams.

And as the consecrant from altar high
Proclaims the Church Our Lady of the Strand's,
The tuneful bells with their first peal reply,
In joyful chime produced by lusty hands :

Song of the Bell-ringers.

Swing the bells bravely
 With true triple peal,
Lightly, yet gravely,
 Until the brain reel.
Bell-ringers boldly
 In musical chime
Swing, never coldly,
 But sweetly in time.

From the earth bounding,
 Next instant descend ;
Be the peal sounding
 The same to the end.
Lusty bell-ringers,
 How shakes the tall tower ;
Sway, nimble fingers,
 A mammoth in power !

Oh, it is glorious
 The monster to quell,
Grandly uproarious,
 And terrible bell !

While he is swinging,
 No cannon more strong ;
While the peal's ringing,
 Like thunder his tongue !

When he booms loudly
 In fast growing speed,
Rein him in proudly
 Like galloping steed.
Fresh as Aurora
 With vigour still rise ;
Nossa Senhora
 Is Queen of the skies !

The Church now consecrate in solemn pride,
 Bold Zargo instant seized a burning brand,
His forehead crossing fired the wood, and cried :—
 “ Now aid this work Our Lady of the Strand ! ”

'Twas the hot month when Scorpio sways the sky,
 And Leste* blew his sultry, withering breath,
And every stem and leaf and branch was dry
 As bones that have for ages lain in death.

* The East wind or Sirocco.

And flew from tree to tree the flickering flames,
And lambent rose from root to verdurous crown,
And shot pyramidal above their frames,
Till blazing high their leafy crests came down.

And propagated thus by contact dire,
The plague raged on till o'er the aderno's head,
Til, páo, vinhático, the demon fire
Triumphant rose and shook his tresses red !

And many a cypress mourned her early doom,
When to her tapering summit swept the blaze ;
And struck its burning breath, like fell Simoom,
Her glory to the ground, with none to raise.

And many a palm with graceful drooping leaves
Feels o'er his harp-like boughs destruction creep ;
A crimson shroud o'er many a laurel weaves,
O'er many a yew doth fiery torrent sweep.

And as the crackling flame the steep ascends,
Majestic cedars with their sweetest breath
Perfume the scourge that all their beauty ends,
And give forth odours most divine in death.

And fall huge dragon-trees and hardy pines
To ashes white upon the Serra's brow,
And far into the sky that ruddier shines
Shoots the mad fire which nought can conquer now.

A conflagration terrible, sublime !
Primeval forests swept with scorching roar !
And seaward seen it seemed like Hell's own clime,
A sheet of quenchless flame from peak to shore.

Ah me ! too oft we loose the flood or fire
We cannot master, oft strike out a track
Which grows to beaten causeways, oft in ire
Unleash the hound we cannot whistle back.

And Zargo found he could not fix a curb
In the wild charger's mouth he had spurred on ;
But still with flaming mane and glowing orb
The red fire coursed the Isle, now come, now gone.

And ever as new vegetation sprung
In tropical luxuriance o'er the land,
The flame returned to it with lambent tongue,
And winds that should have quenched it only
fanned.

For seven long years, old chroniclers relate,
That fire raged on and seemed extinct at times,
But only to burst out, as urged by fate,
With freshened force like ill-repented crimes.

And though the Isle at first from shore to shore
Was one impenetrable forest maze,
So long had raged that fiery torrent's roar
That scarce a bough now fenced the solar rays.

And lastly to the valley near the beach,
Where Zargo with his infant city lay,
The flames to o'erwhelm their first projector reach,
And many a dwelling blazed along the bay.

By terror supernatural appalled,
Fled to their ships the white-cheeked strangers
then ;
Gaunt famine's sharpened fangs their souls enthralled,
Like hungry tigers smoked from out their den.

But not in vain the Virgin's shrine arose
Before all other works on that fair strand ;
For when her Temple met its flaming foes,
With mighty arm outstretched their course she
banned !

Then rushed the fire by hundred fiends possessed
 Adown her holy strand to Ocean's side ;
And powerless Mary's region to molest,
 For ever sunk extinguished in the tide.

THE OCEAN FLOWER.

Canto VI.

Canto XX.

OH Man! thou art the mystery of the world,
A compound of the vile and the sublime,
A fine creation all to chaos hurled,
A thing of opposites, of pearl and slime!

The glorious likeness of a God is there,
But, ah, the mirror blurred and broken lies,
Distorting every feature—yet how fair—
Worm of the Earth and angel of the Skies!

Thy life through Error's maze doth wildering pass,
Thy truths most precious Doubt encircles round;
Thy judgments, singular and in the mass,
Are feeble, wavering, prejudiced, unsound.

And they who labour most in thy behoof
Are victims of thy persecution most;
Thou enviest, hatest, jeerest, stand'st aloof
From those who fill Discovery's foremost post.

New Ages do them justice. Thou in life
Dost stone thy benefactors—venomed Sloth ?
Yet moved this Planet round, mid wordy strife,
With Galileo and his jailors both !

Art thou indeed, then, worthy of the toil,
The mental anguish, and the nervous shock,
Of those who Earth to enlighten drudge and moil ?
Prometheus, answer, chained upon thy rock !

Answer, great Hercules, thy labours done,
Rewarded with the Centaur's poisoned robe ;
Give answer, Theseus, all thy laurels won,
Consigned to torture 'neath the passive Globe ?

And answer All that went before their time
Amassing knowledge and diffusing light ;
The branded Pariahs of every clime—
The dungeoned victims of a keener sight ;

Whose mighty souls seemed formed for higher orbs,
And casual dropt upon this humbler earth ;
Yea, answer He whose grief all grief absorbs,
Divine "disturber" nailed for Sion's mirth !

Answer, thou Globe, and shew beneath thy sod,
Upturned and smiling in eternal youth,
The bones of all the martyred Saints of God,
And butchered worshippers of Freedom, Truth !

Proscribed, maligned, reviled, and hunted by
The thing miscalled Society, a tear
Might dim, but all in vain, the martyr's eye ;
A conscience pure transcends all human fear.

And this shall be your fate till ends the world,
Ye who would be Reformers ! would expose
Error or vice, Truth's sunlit flag unfurled,
And fearlessly defy her puny foes.

Yet, oh, despair not, great and generous souls,
But bold pursue your tasks of human love ;
To thankless mortals multiply your doles,
And trust for your reward from Powers above !

Ha ! what be these three arméd ships that ride
West of the Loo within Formosa Bay ?
Now be they friend or foe, whate'er betide,
We shall the trembling issue learn to-day.

The white-flag shews that they be sons of France,
And Charles of France is Don Sebastian's friend.
Why therefore shun they knighthood's bold advance?
Why hide like robbers in a lurk-hole penned?

Ho! rise, Da Camara, and gird thy sword;
There's treason near—for by the warder's ken
Upon Formosa's beach their boats have poured
With pike and arquebuse a thousand men.

The tocsin rang, the doubling war-drum pealed,
The hasty musters filled the Royal square:—
“Now for young Don Sebastian take the field,
And strike for home and hearth, and do not spare!”

Six hundred men by proud Da Camara led
Marched forth that day and panting met the foe;
And bloody was the fight till piles of dead
Lorenzo's bulwark* blocked in many a row.

But what can valour in the art of war
Unskilled 'gainst double numbers trained to arms?
The French freebooters shoot them down from far,
The clumsy citizen his neighbour harms.

* The Baluarte de S. Lourenço.

Excess of desperation bids them crowd,

And, ah! to give the pirates surer aim;

If many a burgher found that day a shroud,

Oh, none, be sure, hath found the coward's shame!

Full fifteen days the French the city gave

To sack and plunder. Gnawed Da Camara's heart

The shrieks of helplessness he dared not save,

And oft from manly eyes the tears did start.

But still he held the strong Castello's walls;

In vain the French essayed both scale and mine,

Then hurled against him scores of harmless balls,

And gulped their spite with store of plundered wine.

What bringeth Hope where Glory's corse lay stiff?

What strikes the sparkles from Da Camara's eye?

Why looks he 'twixt Desertas' giant cliff

For aye and Garajau, then heaves a sigh?

What is't? By Heaven, a sail!—a sail doth start

O'er the blue waters on Desertas' North;

Or is't the jagged rock that stands apart,

And oft is ta'en for ship careering forth?

No, no, it grows, it rises on the glance,
The Lusitan bandeira flouts the breeze ;
Now to your boats, ye battenning dogs of France,
For Don Sebastian's war-ships sweep the seas.

Another sail ! Oh, patron James, thou well
Did'st hearken to Da Camara's suppliant prayer ;
And swift the hiáte to Lisbon sent to tell
The foul disaster did the tidings bear.

“ Thanks to thee, glorious Santiago ! thanks,”
Exclaimed Da Camara, mad with sudden joy ;
“ Now soon will I re-form my broken ranks,
“ And soon these robbers of the deep destroy.

“ A third sail rises ! On the topmast high
“ The white and azure flag is fluttering seen ;
“ Oh Gama ! thou hast made it prouder fly
“ In Indian seas than Charles can boast, I ween.”

Now booms a cannon o'er the curling waves,
And from the fort Da Camara stout replies.
Hurrah ! the wolves are hunted from their caves ;
Hurrah ! still drunk with wine the Frenchman flies.

And soon Da Camara opes the fortress gates,
And with the townsmen hangs upon their rear ;
His arrowy shower the foe nigh decimates,
And scarce a Frenchman turns, so great their fear :

For panic seized them that Sebastian's ships
So soon should shoot like falcons on their prey ;
And as o'er chalk the nimble dancer skips,
They ran unto their boats, and then away.

But many a corse they left to strew the strand,
Laid by Da Camara's vengeful archers low ;
And boats that left Formosa's shore full manned
Were thinned ere to the ships the crew could row.

Swift they weigh anchor, swift they crowd all sail,
Swift bend their canvass, and swift bear to sea,
For now Sebastian's cannon pours like hail,
The French freebooters labouring on the lee.

Oh glorious chase ! the shore is lined with men,
The Loo's black summit is with gazers thick,
The heights above that yield a seaward ken
Are swarming o'er, and every heart beats quick.

And as each cannon boomed along the deep,
 The islanders did yell, made drunk with joy ;
 And many a ball did 'mongst the pirates sweep,
 And half their rigging and their spars destroy.

But night came on, and fell the furious chase
 Off Point de Sol, as fell the shadows gray ;
 Night by whose aid, like all the robber race,
 These bucaniers of France did steal away.

'Twas Chivalry that found thee, beauteous Isle,
 And Chivalry maintained thy glory long ;
 And oft on Afric's soil the recreants vile
 Of false Mafoma felt thy poleaxe strong.

And far as Ind, which Gama glorious won,
 Adventure's children still adventure sought ;
 And 'neath the dazzling blaze of Orient sun,
 For regions new 'gainst King and Caliph fought.

But ever pour thy sons on Berber's shore
 With freshlier ardour and intenser joy ;
 And 'neath the Lusan banner dye with gore
 The plains of Infidels, their towers destroy.

There Zargo's heir Joánne with single hand
His father rivalled gainst the Ismael host,
Ev'n as alone he drove with flaming brand
The false Castilians from his island coast.

There Camara the Magnificent displayed
His thousand followers like chieftains armed,
Nine times o'er Ocean passed to Lybia's raid,
The Crescent humbling still, and passed unharmed.

And there Joánne Gonzalves proud maintained
His thousand soldiers like his Princely sire ;
'Neath brave Braganza many a victory gained,
And gave great Azamór to sack and fire.

But mourn the day that Chivalry her pride
On Afric sands, her monarch Lusita lost ;
When still careering in her orbit wide,
One bursting cloud for aye her glory crost !

Ay, mourn the day, and mourn for aye the hour
When rashly daring on the Lybian plain,
Still in the blaze of her meridian power,
One fearful sun-stroke withered Lusitain !

Don Sebastián.

In Cintra's ancient palace hall
Sebastian ranged his nobles all,
And pointing to the Moorish wall

Cried : " This our fathers won ;
" But this nor aught in Lusitain
" Is our's assured, nor God hath Spain,
" Unless the haughty Agarene
" With sturdy blow we stun !

" From far Tetuán to Mogador
" His forces line the Afric shore,
" And pant to die the land with gore
" Which once his talons held ;
" From Calpe's rock along the deep
" His wolfish eyes insatiate sweep
" To San Vicente's headland steep,
" But ninety years expelled !

" Abyla's mountain lords the land,
" Like couchant lion hugely grand,
" Prepared to spring on Europe's strand
" From Lybia's desert coast ;

“Tis Tarik’s shade inspires their aim—
“To wipe away Boabdil’s shame
“In Christian blood and temples’ flame;
“Be ours to quell the boast?”

Uprose that proud Fidalgo throng,
And plucked their swords to right the wrong,
Sworn followers of that chieftain strong
Where’er his sceptre guide;
Like fire Sebastian’s galleys then,
All bristling o’er with arméd men,
Rushed to the Afric lion’s den,
Across the foaming tide.

While Don Sebastian paced the deck,
Of Philip he did lightly reckon,
And Europe’s Kings that from his beck
Enthusiast coldly turned;
But great Afonso’s pattern stole
Like music o’er his knightly soul,
And first to stand at glory’s gaol
With quenchless zeal he burned.

Of horse and foot his squadrons march
'Neath Afric skies' o'erpowering arch,
And desert heats his warriors parch,
Or ere the fight begun ;
At length, at length, the traitorous Moor
Deems he hath made destruction sure,
And hosts innumerable pour
Beneath that scorching sun.

Then scimitar and Christian blade
Cross-hacked and hewed in furious raid,
And arquebuse and culverin laid
Full many a soldier low ;
And yells of trampled Saracen
Did mix with groans of Christian men,
And glittering Cross and Crescent then
Gave rage a fiercer glow.

And perished in that dreadful fight
Both Moorish Sheik and Christian Knight,
Till, swift Alcáz'quivir, to sight
Thy waters red run down ;

Sebastian, slaughtering o'er the plain,
Two Mahmoud Kings already slain,
Cried, "Five must fall or ere I gain
 "Afonso's great renown!"

The battle raged—a third King fell;
Ah me! twas Don Sebastian's knell
The Saracen with horrid yell
 To both the armies told;
And now the Lusitanian host
In blank despair, its leader lost,
Is sent a bleeding holocaust
 To Tarik's spirit bold.

The thirsty Afric sands did swill
That day of Christian blood their fill,
And corses heaped in many a hill
 New pyramids arose;
The Alfangé* tired of dealing death,
The reapers red did halt for breath,
And many a captive sorroweth,
 Enslaved to fiendish foes.

* Scimitar.

Few, few returned to tell the tale
Which still makes Lisbon mothers quail,
And Lusitania's star grew pale
 From that ill-omened hour ;
And after nigh three hundred year,
Each day of gloom brings many a tear,
And some think yet will re-appear
 Sebastian in his power !

THE OCEAN FLOWER.

Canto VII.

Canto VII.

OH, mourn the day that Chivalry its flower
In Afric lost, her monarch Lusitain ;
Stern vengeance for the drunkenness of power,
And dark ingratitude's dishonouring stain !

Full steady must the soaring Eagle gaze
On Glory's sun, with plume still mounting up ;—
Who floats not firmly in the golden blaze,
Of Expiation drains the bitter cup !

What guerdon gave She to her greatest sons ?
'Twas hunger loosed Pacheco's mighty soul,
Proud Albuquerque disgrace mid victory stuns,
And Castro on his deathbed craves a dole !

Sublime Camóens, musical as brave,
In rags and lazar-house resigned his breath ;
Begged for that honoured mouth a negro slave,
And none can tell where rest his bones in death !

Oh, mourn the day that Chivalry its flower
In Afric lost, her monarch Lusitain ;
Perfidious Philip seized that shadowy hour
To add her ancient realm to envious Spain.

Prompter of Alva ! gloomy bigot-scurge !
Too well thou knew'st Sebastian was no more ;
Thou hadst not dared thy traitor-scheme to urge,
Had *he* but life to crawl on Berber's shore.

No, no, another day had haply shone,
Like that which rose on Guadiana's banks,
When Lusitania's horse came thundering on,
And plunged in quagmire the Castilian ranks ;

When Christian Spain her proudest champions lost
At once, for ever, 'neath the closing wave,
As Mestre d'Aviz spurred with plume high-tost,
And hurled to death they found no Cid to save !

When Alvares like destroying angel flew
From rank to rank with sword that flashed on high ;
The valley shook—"Santiago !" fainter grew—
"San Jorge e avante !" was the conquering cry.

'Twas easier, Philip, rifling the rich fold,
When dogs and shepherd bleached on Lybia's sand,
Than risking (since thy chosen arm was gold)
A new Aljubaróta hand to hand !

But vain the bard's and vain the hero's grief ;
Bright island, thou must with the mother-realm
Be bartered, given, or stol'n, or seized in feoff,
As lightly as the plume upon her helm.

And comes Herrera swift from Cadiz bay
To rob thy first discoverers' honoured heirs ;
And sixty years' Egyptian bonds repay
That last Crusade Sebastian's madness dares.

Hark to the buzz that fills the Palace-Ground,*
Along the lovely Tagus' margin low ;
The banded patriots there are gathered round,
And wait the dawn to strike the dreadful blow.

Morn breaks—a pistol-shot, the signal 's fired,
The palace-gates are stormed, the posts disarmed ;
Now quake, Castilians ! Lusitain is tired ;
Ah ha, 'tis well ! ye are at last alarmed.

* The Terreiro do Paço in Lisbon.

Quake, Vasconcellos, recreant Portuguese,
 Thou vilest tool of foreign tyrants, quake !
 Thy spies in every house—where, where be these ?
 Why sleep they now when thousands are awake ?

Quake, Margaret of Savoy, Castile's Vice-Queen ;
 Quake, Olivarés,* in thy council-hall ;
 Too long the Babylonish sway hath been ;
 The “mene tekell” flames upon the wall !

Ha ! what was that supine and ponderous mass,
 That fell from out the palace window high ;
 'Twas a dull sound, yet strange, mine ear did pass,
 While rose within a shout that rent the sky.

By Heaven, 'tis Vasconcellos' bleeding corse
 Flung like a carrion on the open square ;
 And he who living never felt remorse,
 Now waketh none as limb from limb they tear.

And many a faca's plunged unto the heft
 I' th' flesh still quivering by blaspheming men ;
 And all that of the dead Dictator's left
 A hungry dog doth carry to his den !

* The celebrated Count-Duke.

Thus Power abused, thus Nature's laws defied,
Wake raging demons in the human heart ;
Thus Retribution horribly doth ride
Behind his car who strains the Tyrant's part !

Now thousands fill the wide Terreiro's plain,
Discussing eager many a magnate's worth ;
But soon all shout in joy for Lusitain :—
“ Long live Braganza, live Don John the Fourth ! ”

And long he reigned, and guarded well the land
From many a blow ere Spain would quite resign ;
And still his children hold that heirloom grand,
Still proudly reigns Braganza's Royal line.

Thy blood, Afonso, conqueror of the Moor,
Still circles where that hand the sceptre sways ;
And while both Ind and Afric own its power,
Earth's loveliest clime a joyful homage pays.

Nor are thy sons, bright Isle, unknown to fame ;
Here Alvares traced the laws of Latian verse,
And nurst by thee Vieira (deathless name !)
Of Pernambucan myriads crushed the force.

Nor of the peaceful arts which life adorn,
And pale the Conqueror's laurels, shew they dearth ;
O'er many a steep the long Levada borne*
Makes of the beetling precipice a mirth ;

And water runs where eaglets cautious fly,
That wine and corn may glad the vale below ;
And once from dulcet cane beneath this sky
A hundred cylinders made nectar flow.

The Sugar-loaves.

"Now, what be this quaint heraldic sign
Above the Camera's portal fine ?
Five gouts on an ancient shield I see,
And much they perplex my heraldrie.
No pursuivant I nor king-at-arms,
But a stranger rapt with your island's charms ;
They are not gules nor the ermines' row ;
I would, Cavalleiro, their purpose know."

"The arms of fair Funchál thou seest,
Sir Estrangeiro, whoe'er thou beest ;
They are no gules on an azure field,
Nor ermine spots that bedeck this shield ;

* Artificial water-courses, often the result of prodigious labour.

Nor be they mauls nor the javelin-head
By Moorish almagauver sped ;
In sooth, by veriest Christian shrive,
These spots, Sir Stranger, be sugar-loaves five."

"What? sugar-loaves on heraldic shield!
A buckler strange, by the Rood, to wield;
Do your Vereadores love the charms
Of their red wine more than the brunt of arms?
'Tis good to be mixed with sugar and spice,
But not for a chivaleresque device.
This mystery strange as e'er was found,
I pray thee, Sir Cavalier, expound."

"Sir Stranger, it is no theme for mirth,
But a history sad as aught on earth:—
When Zargo discovered this blooming isle,
Said Don Henríque with a joyous smile:
'That sweetest land's for each sweetest thing,
'And sweetest growths from its soil shall spring;'
So the Malmsey grape from Calabria's plain,
And from Sicily sent he the sugar-cane.

“ Now well they grew, and well they thrived,
And the light-leafed cane unto fame arrived ;
And of sugar the Isle produced such store,
That Europe still took, and cried for more.
Ah, well-a-day, soon discovery’s rage
That fiery thirst could quite assuage ;
In a hundred years did bold Cabral
Discover Brazil and slay Funchal.

“ The plant soon reached that torrid clime,
And brought upon ours disuse in time,
For it swelled with such succulent juices there
That our delicate growth was but scant to compare.
From hence, too, ’twas brought to Antillas’ seas,
And took flourishing root in the Caribbees ;
And that which now forms the wealth most dear
Of Western Ind was conveyed from here.

“ Our liege of Braganza, John the Fourth,
Hath sent the Castilians hence due North ;
But the sugar-mill’s clack he can not recal,
And a hundred or more into ruins fall.

Though pure be its growth and by violets perfumed,
The gift of the great *Henrique* is doomed,
And the sugar-loaves five on our civic shield
But display to the world how that doom is *sealed*."

Pile up the bursting glory of the Vine,
The golden clusters in the cesto pile ;
Strip pendent pride from many a trellis fine,
And bid the wine-press teem o'er all the Isle.

Nor yet with careless zeal the work pursue,
But cull the daintiest clusters from the throng ;
Give taint and blight, where'er their fruits ye view,
To the parch'd ground the quinta's floor along.

Oh ! ne'er be thine, *Funchál*, high-favoured shore,
The costly penury that mocks with gain ;
Be excellence thy aim and pure thy store,
And chosen vintages adorn thy plain !

For when could Chian or Falernian juice,
Garonne, or Rheingau match thy generous wine ?
Cold growths of Europe fit for vulgar use ;—
A beverage for the Gods, *Madeira's* thine !

Pile up the bursting glory of the Vine,
The golden clusters in the cesto pile ;
Strip pendent pride from many a trellis fine,
And bid the wine-press teem o'er all the Isle.

Ye jocund lasses, pluck with might and main ;
Your ruby lips make rubier with the grape ;
Disclose white teeth with laughter's joyous strain,
And brown-necked beauties 'neath the purple cape.

Ye lads, whose hardy limbs no covering cramps,
From sinewy knee adown to buskin white,
The cesto ply with zeal no toiling damps,
And snatch the glances sly which youth delight.

O'er the dark tresses of these Southern climes,
Change carapuças * with the maids ye love ;
Nor will the Padre frown if ev'n at times
Ye steal a kiss where cluster grapes above.

Pile up the bursting glory of the Vine !
The golden clusters in the cesto pile ;
Strip pendent pride from many a trellis fine,
And bid the wine-press teem o'er all the Isle.

* The cap worn by the peasantry of both sexes.

See where the long and joyous festive train
High up the Serra winds 'neath Virgo's sun ;
Our Lady of the Mount exhausts the plain ;
Through many a vale the Vintage now is done.

Song of the Grape-Gatherers.

While dog-star and Sirocco rule
The burning summer-sky,
To mountain-peaks and breezes cool
From fainting heats we fly.
A purer, airier region
On the Serra's brow we find ;
Lady fair,
Shield us there,
And bid Sorrow lag behind.

Oh ! where hath man a clime like ours
So varied in its charm ;
Though Leste curl the summer-flowers,
Yet us he cannot harm.
For climbing up the Serra
Fanning airs we instant find ;
Lady fair,
Shield us there,
And bid Sorrow lag behind.

At every step expands the view,
The spirits lighter flow,
Till Ocean's form serenely blue
In glory spreads below.
We grow to grander beings
At thy temple's turrets high ;
Lady fair,
Shield us there,
And bid Sorrow turn to Joy !

Our Vintage done, we duteous seek
The Virgin of the Mount ;
What garlands bear we to the peak,
What tapers none may count !
Thy shrine, belov'd Senhora,
To the pilgrim raineth peace ;
Lady fair,
Shield us there,
And bid Care and Sorrow cease !

From peak to crag while choral voices swell,
Curral Romeiro bids the strain resound,*
Till lost in glen, ravine, and yawning dell,
It dies along his torn volcanic ground.

* The Curral dos Romeiros.

THE OCEAN FLOWER.

Canto VIII.

Canto VIII.

“ Pass the guitar,” exclaims a bright-eyed youth,
Fresh from Coimbra beetling o’er the plain,
And answering to a glance of love and truth
From fair pastora sings this ancient strain :—

INEZ DE CASTRO.

The Murder.

“ Why goes my love a-hunting ?
“ The morn is overcast,
“ And coldly up Mondégo’s vale
“ Doth blow the Atlantic blast.
“ I feel, my Pedro, ill at ease,
“ A gloom doth o’er me grow ;
“ My spirits droop, why doth my love
“ To-day a-hunting go ?”
“ Cheer up, my Iñez, let this kiss
“ Upon thy lips imprest
“ Seal Pedro’s love till even-tide,
“ When seeks the huntsman rest ;

“ But now my brave Fidalgos,
“ My merry men and all
“ Are round the door, it were disgrace
“ From princely word to fall.”

Then forth to the wild Serra
That sunders Lusitain,
By rugged Pampalhosa spurred
The Prince's hunting train ;
A-chasing of the grisly wolf,
And chasing of the boar ;
Don Pedro loved the sport full well,
But Iñez he loved more.

A stately train of cavaliers
At Santa Clara's hall,
With King Afonso in the midst,
The servitors doth call :—
“ Now where's Don Pedro ?”—“ Chasing of
“ The grisly wolf and bear.”—
“ With Dona Iñez we would speak ;”
Then strode they up the stair.

It was a lovely picture
That burst upon the view,
When rudely they enforced the door,
A shame for knights to do.
Between her two fair curléd boys,
The hope of Lusitain,
Sate Iñez teaching them to read
The feats of Charlemain.

Her glossy hair in ringlets low
Descending swept the page,
And mingled with the colours bright
Of pictured heroes' rage.
Her lovely features beamed benign,
But flashed her startled eyes,
And curled her little chiselled lip
In beautiful surprise.

“ Sir Cavaliers, what seek ye ? ”—
“ Thou jade, behold thy king,
“ Whose wayward son thou didst entrap
“ To wed thee with a ring.”—

“ Entrap ! Oh God, thou know’st full well
“ I did resist him long,”

She said, and rose to her full height,
Resenting of the wrong.

“ A charm and spell, fell Sorceress,
“ O’er Pedro thou didst throw ;
“ ’Tis witchcraft only from a throne
“ Could make him stoop so low.
“ But never shalt thou wear the crown,
“ A daughter of Castile
“ Shall place upon her brow instead,
“ Through this avenging steel.”

“ Oh fie, Sir King, put up thy sword ;
“ ’Tis well no stranger saw
“ That hand which smote the haughty Moor,
“ ’Gainst weak donzella draw.
“ More fit thy falchion flashing,
“ Mid armies Granadine,
“ At walled Taríf than frightening
“ A lady with its shine !”

The King he blushed, but straight a glance
From false Coelho's eye
Crushed virtue's bud within his soul,
And this was his reply :—
“ Thou art the wife and Princess,
“ That shouldst the leman be ;
“ I swear by Heaven thou shalt not live
“ Another sun to see !”

Two steps advanced Afonso
With high uplifted sword ;
When Iñez' boys on bended knees
Their grandsire's grace implored.
His mantle little Afonso caught,
And clinging by the ends,
“ Unless you've pity on Mai,” he said,
“ We can't indeed be friends !”

His sword-point dropt the gray-haired King,
His hard eye showed a tear ;
But false Coelho mastered him
With heartless courtier sneer.

“ Be mannered, these be Royal brats,”
He whispered, “ *and your heirs !*”
As spurred i’ th’ side, from out their hands
The King his mantle tears.

“ Oh pity, Royal Master !”
Said lovely Iñez then,
“ I fear me much there’s treason here,
“ That villains be these men.
“ Let not, my Liege, their malice harm
“ These gallant boys, I pray,
“ Whose blood is yours, whose features yours,
“ Who kneel for you each day !”

The King looked stern and gloomy,
His sword still level held ;
Coelho and Gonzalves looked
Like fiends by Gabriel quelled !
Upon her knees dropt Iñez with
Her sons the King before ;
It was a sight most beautiful,
To pierce the bosom’s core !

“ Senhor,” she said, “ be merciful.”—
“ How can I mercy show,
“ When vouch these goodly knights that all
“ The kingdom is thy foe ?”—
“ Is’t come to this ?” quoth Iñez back,
“ That haughty Lusitain
“ Against one feeble woman should
“ Exhaust its warlike strain ?

“ Perchance an answer might be found
“ To that, were Pedro here ;
“ But ’tis not for myself I sue,
“ But for my children dear.
“ Wretch that I am ! ye cannot move
“ Your grandsire’s stony heart ;
“ Oh mirrors of my charmed eyes,
“ And are we doomed to part ?”

“ By Heaven, I cannot bear this sight ;
“ Take, take away the boys,”
Exclaimed the King, but Inez shrieked :—
“ No, no, my bosom’s joys !

“ Hack me in pieces, but on them
“ Be still my eyelids strained,
“ Or in a desert let us dwell,
“ Or in a dungeon chained !”—

“ Remove the boys !”—Coelho false
Then seized them by the hands ;
But young Afonso’s spirit rose—
A little King he stands !
“ Leave me,” he said, “ or I will tell
“ My father thou didst dare,
“ Who with a sword will kill thee,
“ As sure as thou are there !”

Poor Iñez then distractedly
The Royal knees embraced :—
“ Oh, slay me not, my liege, thrice o’er ;
“ Of cruelty ’twere waste.
“ Tear not my boys from these weak arms—
“ My heart’s already broke—
“ Oh, break it not in pieces
“ A thousand at a stroke !”—

“ Oppressed I feel,” exclaimed the King,

“ And, *ai de mi!* heart-sore ;

“ I cannot wait to see her die ;”

Then turned him to the door.

“ With these inhuman enemies,”

Said Iñez, “ dost me leave ?

“ Give, tyrants, give my children up,

“ Lest Heaven its thunders heave !

“ In vain ! ah, treasures of my soul,

“ Return this last embrace ;

“ Receive your mother’s latest sigh

“ Upon each charming face.”—

“ Come, boys,” the King said, leading them,

With voice that faltered hoarse :

“ Oh Mai !” screamed young Afonso,

“ They drag me off by force.”

That lady in the flower of youth,

In beauty’s roseate bloom,

Now with Coelho and his men

Stood lonely in that room.

With triumph glared the hell-hound's eye,
His sword through Iñez' breast
He plunged, and murmuring Pedro's name
She found eternal rest!

'Gainst blood-thirst,
Revenge's nectar,
Face divine
Could not protect her!

Torn her bosom,
Robbed its treasure;
Fiends found there
A barbarous pleasure!

Dimmed with grief,
In chariot golden
Faints the sun,
The deed beholden!

Vultures shriek,
Night-owls awaken,
Fierce wolves howl,
The earth is shaken!

The Revenge.

The blood-red sun mid stormy clouds
Had sunk i' the Western wave,
When Pedro with his hunting-train
Returned too late to save ;
His coming in Coimbra's streets
Awoke no sound of joy,
And piercingly the Atlantic blast
Rose howling to destroy.

He loosed i' the court his neighing steed,
And bounded up the stair,
The kiss that morning he received
His Iñez back to bear.
He ope'd the door ; oh God ! what sight
With horror sears his eyes ?
What thunder-shock doth strike him dead,
That on the floor he lies !

The fawn-like glance that ever beamed
To welcome his return
Was closed 'neath lids where never more
Shall Love his torches burn ;

The matchless form lay stretched in death,
For nipt was beauty's bud ;
And, silent Heaven ! the floor around
Ran thick with Iñez' blood !

And through that white consummate breast,
Of loveliness the throne,
The butchering steel had made a gap,
Might move a breast of stone ;
The neck of alabaster and
The bosom's billowy round—
The masterpiece of Nature lay
Gore-dabbled on the ground !

Like lily plucked before its time,
Low drooped that lovely head,
Its colour and its bloom effaced
And dried and witheréd !
The rose upon her cheek was changed
To pallid hues of death ;
Yet smiled the lips which Pedro's name
Invoked with latest breath.

Long, long was Pedro's deathful trance,
And when at last he woke,
It was more deep to probe the wound,
More keen to feel the stroke.
His thought was all of vengeance,
Of fury, hate, and rage ;
And war with ten Briáreus' arms
'Gainst Earth and Hell to wage !

“ Where, Heaven, reposed thy lightnings,
“ When past this nameless deed,
“ When innocence was ruffian-struck,
“ And beauty made to bleed ?
“ Oh, yet upon the monsters' heads
“ Thy vengeance, God, let fall ;
“ And swallow them thy sulphurous fires,
“ Till fiends their doom appal ! ”

But tears at length came to his aid,
And on his Iñez' corpse
He laid him down in agony
Of weeping and remorse ;

And cursed the day that hounds and horn
 Had lured him from her side ;
And gave a thousand kisses to
 His, ah, too red-lipped bride.

Then in excess of wild despair
 He snatched his knightly sword,
And drew it back and forward through
 The blood of his adored ;
And swore a deep and fearful oath
 That Earth it should appal
To hear of his dread vengeance on
 His Iñez' murderers all.

“ By this pure blood, I'll rend their hearts
 “ From out their living frames ;
“ By this pure blood, I'll give their quivering
 “ Offal to the flames !
“ Thine living, oh my Iñez,
 “ In death too thine I'll be ;
“ More sweet than others to enjoy
 “ To languish still for thee !

“No bridal rites shall ever mar
“The memory of our love ;
“This hand shall never own a gage
“Except my battle-glove ;
“Not all Earth’s monarchs’ daughters shall
“My heart from thine divorce ;
“And yet, by Heaven, the diadem
“Shall glitter o’er thy corse !”

Another kiss—another burst
Of agonizing tears,
And anguished sobs convulsing more
Than waste a score of years ;
Then starting from the ensanguined ground,
He blew his hunting-horn ;
And o’er a hundred hills full soon
His battle-cry was borne !

Before that fierce avenger
The Royal armies fled ;
And where they met his falchion made
A hecatomb of dead ;

For innocence' and beauty's shade
Unnerved their hireling arms,
And fire and sword the assassins spoiled
Who spoiled fair Iñez' charms.

And King Afonso died the death
Which crownéd felons die,
Through his black heart resounding
The slaughtered Iñez' cry ;
No loving friends around his bed
His agony console,
And mid the horrid pangs of crime
Out-writhed his sinful soul.

Now seated on the ancient throne
Of beauteous Lusitain,
Don Pedro drags from far Castile
Two villains in a chain.
Before the Avenger trembling
The false Coelho stands,
And barbarous Gonzalves lifts
In vain his suppliant hands.

'Twas in fair Santarem a Royal
Banquet was prepared,
And stood the doomsmen near a pile,
Their arms and facas bared ;
And on the pile the murderers stretched
Lay mumbling to a priest,
And sate the king and courtiers down
Unto a mighty feast.

And at a sign from Pedro
The doomsmen near the guests
Cut forth the two assassins' hearts
From out their living breasts !
Then flame consumed them, casting o'er
The board its lurid beams,
And tranquilly he feasted to
The music of their screams !

And when save ashes nought remained,
And fell the fiery flood,
King Pedro drew the sword which still
Was stained with Iñez' blood,

And brandishing its blade on high
Mid all his nobles ranged,
Cried with a mad glare in his eye :—
“ My Iñez, thou’rt avenged !”

The Atonement.

What cavalcade of pursuivants
And heralds in their pride
And port-estandarts bearing high
The Quinas here doth ride ?
Their glittering tabárds precede
Of knights a stately train ;
I ween those silken banners wave
In joy for Lusitain.

To-day the youthful King is wed,
His marriage they proclaim
With tromp and pomp through all the land,
Through all the tongues of Fame.
Wherever herald’s voice can reach,
Or fly the goaded horse,
To Earth and Heaven it is proclaimed
That Pedro weds—a corse !

Oh, faithful to his Iñez holds
That deep-resolvéd King,
His love more true than aught beside
Save quenchless hatred's spring.
Hers, hers in life, in death too hers,
What charms the heart can move
Which scorns all other memories save
Its first and only love ?

From Santa Clair's sepulchral vault
They bear the body forth,
Where not a stain its lily flesh
Hath ta'en from the cold earth.
Embalmed she lay in splendour, while
Her Lord avenged her shade ;
And powerless to molest her, Death
Had nought of hers decayed.

A stream of precious essences
With odour fills her bath,
And Eastern unguents o'er her hair
Disport their shining path ;

Then Royal robes of majesty
 Begird that lovely form ;
But, ah, the limbs are motionless,
 The pulses beat not warm.

Around her snowy brow is bound
 A sparkling diadem,
But closed are the sweet eyes that late
 Outsparkled brightest gem ;
A sceptre holds in lofty state
 That cold blue-tinted hand,
And fills that rigid form a throne
 Magnificently grand.

And in Coimbra's noblest hall
 Are all the Grandés met,
And tapers many a thousand
 In golden sconces set ;
Adown each wall falls dazzling cloth
 Of silver and of gold ;
And carpets found in Palestine
 Are o'er the daïs rolled.

Upon an humbler throne beside
Sate Lusitania's King,
With tender eyes on Iñez fixed,
Where tears incessant spring ;
For, oh, like all the hero-race,
His lion-heart in war
Was soft as maiden-breast in love,
And gentle to the fair.

Devouring is Don Pedro's glance,
Whose soul from out his eyes
Doth leap to her he summoned from
The sepulchre to rise ;
His hand is clutched, the colour o'er
His trembling lip hath fled ;
But, ah, his Queen is marble-cold,
Her eye-lids are like lead !

And down the hall in order ranged,
The silent courtier-throng
Respects with mournful dignity
The memory of his wrong ;

And mid that proud Fidalgo crowd
And dama train, I ween,
And cavalier and escudier,
Not one dry eye is seen.

“ Ye Nobles and ye Knights !” exclaimed
Don Pedro from his throne,
His manly voice deep faltering,
And tremulous its tone ;
“ Behold where sits your lawful Queen
“ In crownéd state to-day ;
“ The homage of your fealty
“ And fit obeisance pay.”

Then one by one they passed unto
That throne and daïs grand,
And bowed the knee before her,
And kissed her icy hand,
Which many a warrior made to shake
’Neath mail of proven sheen,
And pledged their faith and loyalty
Unto that ghostly Queen.

“ ‘Tis well, ye gallant Cavaliers,

“ And Dames of high degree ;

“ Now borne unto her palace-hall

“ Queen Iñez we would see.”

Forth marched the King and Grandé-train

To Iñez’ palace-hall,

Where worms are the rude courtiers,

The Royal robes a pall !

Then clarion and trombete

Upraised a mighty clang,

And pursuivant and herald to

Their ordered places sprang ;

And of the noblest Grandés,

And proudest in the land,

Four lifted Iñez to the bier

On car superbly grand.

And thousands of Fidalgos

Did follow in her train,

With pomp and splendour never seen

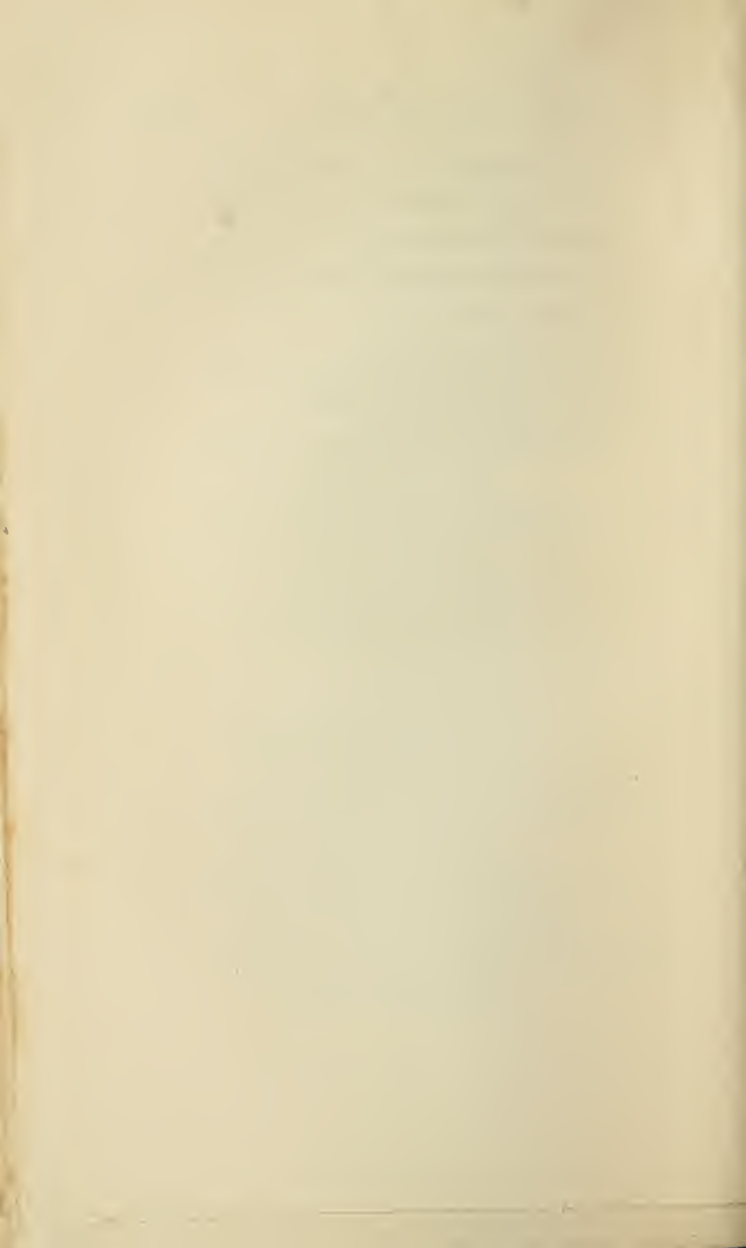
Before in Lusitain ;

O'er their bright robes the vaso dark
Swept mournfully the ground,
And courtly dames all veiled in white
Dead Iñez' triumph crowned.

No carpideira tore her hair,
Or shrieked for Iñez' doom,
Whose grandeur and whose glory left
For vulgar grief no room ;
Stout men-at-arms and archers from
Coimbra lined the way
To Alcobáça, torch in hand,
Full fifty mile that day !

And rode the King behind her
In crown and mantle then,
And from her corse ne'er raised his eyes
That faithfulest of men ;
And kneeling by her sepulchre
The live-long night he groaned,
But cried, as morning broke, " thy wrongs,
" My Iñez, are atoned !"

And ne'er again did marriage vow
Those lips so loyal pass—
True to his Iñez evermore,
Though fade his line like grass.
And bloody were the feuds that rose,
Because he ne'er would wed,
When Pedro slept in Iñez' arms
The slumber of the dead!



THE OCEAN FLOWER.

Canto IX.

Canto IX.

OH Solitude! thou pure and golden key
That op'st great Nature's sanctuary to view,
Here let me dedicate my soul to thee,
And here in mines of thought unhindered hew.

Of many mouths is formed the rabble rout,
And Ignorance passing ev'n loquacious wind;
The more the void of thought the less the doubt,
And Dulness with Effrontery's still combined!

The man whose head is empty fills the breach
With lies minute and Slander's filthy tales;
And envying all that soars beyond their reach,
The vulgar mob each nobler mind assails.

And Prejudice distorts the plainest truths,
And finds for fairest acts a motive base;
Oh World, no thought the wounded bosom soothes
But thanks that thou'rt no final resting-place!

When through our gross and murky atmosphere
Loom lights of Science from a purer sky,
New rays of moral thought and truth severe,
Straight gleam the bloodhound fangs of Obloquy !

The look is Frankness in familiar boors,
Which in the man prejudged is fiendish Hate,
And Knavery in a rival sect in yours
Is but Misfortune and the force of Fate !

And cowards, made by party and by clique,
And knots of gabblers mincing in the mode,
Shrink from avouching what they secret speak,
And join the war-whoop ev'n though Conscience
goad !

How shall the essential Base, the inherent Mean
E'er comprehend the Heroic and the High ?
How shall the worm of earth forsake its scene
To judge aright the eagle of the sky ?

Oh, yet untasted is the mighty truth
That Honesty alone can rule the World ;
That trick and fraud survive not nations' youth,
And soon their dynasty to dust is hurled.

Too long, Duplicity, hath been thy reign,
And mouldy grow the votaries of Intrigue,
Who hatch a secret plot a straw to gain,
And crawl through tortuous paths for many a
league ;

Who like Iscariot with a kiss betray,
Their faces wreathing with Sirocco smiles,—
Refined impostors, fascinate to slay,—
And ere they walk a furlong wriggle miles !

Out on thee, shame of manhood, virtue's yoke !
Out, vile Deception, buttressing the wrong ;
Truth henceforth sways the Earth, all masks are broke,
Integrity shall prove for fiends too strong !

Beneath the Paül's wild, mysterious fell,
At San Vicente on the Northern shore,
Extends a vale where loveliest Dryads dwell,
And glorious vines are trained the chesnut o'er.

High o'er the head they form a tangled bower,
Where orange groves and orchards intervene ;
And twixt the guardian cliffs that heav'nward tower
Rare glimpses of the sapphire sky are seen.

But ever through the wild luxuriant maze,
That spreads on high its green o'erarching pall,
The vine, the blooming vine salutes the gaze,
And far above his ripening clusters fall.

The Vine is a sociable Plant.

The Vine is a sociable plant,
He loves with his tendrils to cling
To all that is near him, wherever his haunt,
And to put forth his flexible ring.
His joy is to shoot forth his leaves,
And from trellis to trellis to pass,
And when ripened to wine, upon sociable eves,
To be poured into glass upon glass.

The corridor long is his pride,
Where he revels in sprouting away ;
You may there see his tender green leaf far and wide
Spreading out about Valentine's day.
But what he loves most is to wind
O'er the chesnut, his evergreen spouse,
And beneath the rich bower of their foliage combined
To see vinous spirits carouse !

Where San Vicente's brawling river flows
Through rugged scoria broken to the sea,
His windings on a shingly delta close,
And branching channels send his waters free.

On that lone delta stands a lonelier rock,
Surmounted by a cross of time-stained gray ;
There tinkle bells and tapers daylight mock,
When stormy weather tosses wild the bay.

For scooped within that isolated crag,
An old romantic chapel Faith has wrought ;
And there when shattered barks mid tempests lag,
While howl bleak winds Saint Vincent's aid is
sought.

'Twas angel hands, the wondering peasant tells,
That tore the lone rock's iron entrails forth,
And made the hollow shrine where Vincent dwells,
Before the Atlantic scowling from the North.

And to the imaged form thus planted there
By means miraculous the seaman bends ;
Nor blame his fervour, if he breathe a prayer
To this loved image when his peril ends.

Talk ye of weak idolatry ? And who
Hath not his idol, be it gold or fame,
False glory, pleasure, wine, the dice-box ? You,
Stone the idolater who know not blame !

And thou that stink'st with intellectual pride,
And from thy hobbling mind hast knocked Faith's
crutch ;
Blind worshipper of Ego deified,
Too little thou believ'st, if he too much !

From Point Delgada by Ventura's vale*
Pass to Entrorza's cliff erectly tall,
Where climbs the road amid the seamew's wail
O'er the dread face of yon grim rocky wall.

An eagle's eyrie might thy pathway form !
Tempt not weak heads with ev'n a glance below,
But leave that trembling perch mid cloud and storm
For where beneath St. George extends his bow. †

* Boa Ventura.

† The Arco de São Jorge.

St. George's Bow.

The noble Cappadocian Knight, whom valour canonized,
Hath many a votary on earth and many a temple prized,
And for his grand achievements many a shrine is
 raised below,

But none, I ween, so fair is seen as bold St. George's
 Bow.

The patron-Saint of Aragon he is the bold St. George,
Who smote full many an Agarene blaspheming in the
 gorge ;

But though the Celtiberian by his aid struck many a
 blow,

He ne'er a shrine hath raised so fine as bold St.
 George's Bow.

The patron-Saint of England, he is St. George as well,
And gallant hearts and sturdy arms within that Island
 dwell ;

But though his name the Briton cheer to conquest
 o'er each foe,

To him no shrine is raised so fine as bold St. George's
 Bow.

Of mountains perpendicular the circling shaft is
formed,

Huge headlands are the mighty ends, by sap or scale
unstormed,

The cord it is the Atlantic's swell, majestic, solemn,
slow ;

Then tell me where is lion's lair like bold St. George's
Bow ?

'Twas Nature reared this temple, unhewn by pigmy
hands,

And giant cliffs its columns form immeasurably grand ;
While dwellings white mid bowering vine and orange
peep below ;

Oh, Earth has not a lovelier spot than bold St.
George's Bow !

'Tis severed from the outer world by barriers frowning
high,

And springs from its own soil whate'er in man can
waken sigh ;

Heart-peace upon his votaries doth the Hero-Saint
bestow,

And here is slain the dragon pain by bold St. George's
Bow !

By fair Fayal through many a sylvan glade
Wend Eastward to the Eagle's Cliff sublime,*
And toiling upward 'neath a Titan's shade,
Scale the steep path that wins a purer clime.

Thy footway hewn from out the solid rock
At every fissure is with myrtle strown ;
And there where oft descends the thunder-shock,
The tender plant of love hath fixed her throne.

From high plateau that crowns the Giant's head
See Ocean stretch afar his wide domain,
And at long intervals the white sail spread
Like sea-bird's wing o'er yon blue desert plain.

And mark beneath thy feet with measured roll
The Atlantic break in long and mighty swell,
How far in plummet line from where thy soul
Doth shrink appalled, yet chained in horrid spell !

Call to the Heart-weary.

Muse on the Eagle's Cliff enthroned,
Thy chaplet is a pall ;
There twines not there one joyous leaf,
Tis myrtle, cypress, all !

* The Penha d'Agua.

No roses gay thy bosom bears,
No smiles thy brow severe ;
Thou giv'st thy tresses to the wind,
Dishevelled, wild, austere.

No crimson robe, no snowy folds,
No purple veils thy breast ;
But ever to the eye thou shew'st
A dark funereal vest !

Thou seat'st me by thy side august
In sombre cave and holy,
The shrine deserted and forlorn
Of tender Melancholy.

There sad is every sound I hear,
Sighs moaningly the air,
The seamew screams 'neath gathering clouds,
And murmur waves afar.

My soul doth flap her soaring wings,
With ecstasy on fire ;
To waft her to the realms of song
I tune the golden lyre.

But sudden breaks a chord or ere
My fingers 'gin to move ;
Alas ! it was the chord designed
For hymns of happy love.

In place of radiant, silvery string
Of gay and festive tone,
Thou giv'st a chord that vibrates deep
With belfry sounds alone !

Let others of their transports sing,
Of hopes and treasures found,
Their days that flow deliciously,
Their nights by fortune crowned.

Of memories sad and crost desires
My song shall make its theme ;
If smile some visioned form at times,
'Tis but a transient dream !

Dare not to touch my sacred lyre,
With hand profanely rude,
Ye who partake not the delights
Which dwell in solitude.

Let not the happy come—I would
The youth whose bosom bleeds
With unrequited love, whose thoughts
A wild delirium feeds.

And come too he from whom grim Death
Hath torn to realms above,
And covered with the icy stone,
His faithful lady-love.

And come the Virgin who, when fall
Eve's shadows in the vale,
Walks musing there and stops to list
Unto the Nightingale.

Who pensive sighs and ill can tell
Why all so dull she's grown,
And with her heart communes whene'er
She finds herself alone.

Who all the live-long day is sad,
And colours red as fire,
When hints obscurely bosom-friend
She reads her fond desire.

And come the young and slighted Spouse,
Who in her silent room
Must wait at midnight all alone,
And mourn her cruel doom.

And come the fond deserted maid,
Who hopeless still doth pine
For false betrayer. Stooping come
The victims of Decline!

Ye, ye are all my family,
Who love and are heart-sore :
Come to me, sad ones ; of the crowd
I ask but you, no more !

Turn from that lingering fascination, turn,
And follow where as peak on peak ascends,
Glen, forest, mountain, forms symmetric spurn,
Till Ruívo's grand round head the chaos ends.*

Nor spare a tear, the summit ere thou leave,
For Tristan's heritage, ah, now so small ;
Though vast the seignory he did achieve,
The Eagle's Cliff doth nearly bound it all.

* Pico Ruivo, the highest point in the Island.

Oh Cavalier-fidalgo, Tristan bold !

Rare-gifted as the Phœnix on thy shield,
Soon perished from the earth thy lineage old,
Thy feoff soon dwindled to a rocky field.

Thy Captaincy, or ere a hundred years,
Became extinct with thy illustrious line ;
And what was left to thy descendants' fears
The usurping Philips carved as gluttons dine.

Thus from the early dawnings of the world
Fond Man hath blindly planned and God disposed ;
Thus when the mighty from their thrones are hurled,
A pebble tript them or a straw opposed !

THE OCEAN FLOWER.

Canto X.

Canto X.

THERE is a joy which ev'n from sickness springs—
To feel that while the clay's to ruin hurled,
The struggling soul can soar on purer wings,
And fly from that which calls itself The World.

Oh, false and hollow oft as Belial's tongue !
Oh, thing of outward shows and vile pretence !
No loss but gain to man is dying young,
No grief but joy the shaft that sends him hence.

Thy deepest worship is for glittering dross,
Thou mak'st of honest Poverty a mirth,
An Idol of the infant gewgaw's gloss,
A Godhead of the accident of birth !

Oh, no abuse but interest base sustains,
And Gold is tried by fire and Man by Gold !
No fetters rivet like dishonouring gains,
No hornets sting like Wealth by fear made bold.

And Woman worships too at Mammon's shrine,
And Love's a bargain shrewd in market driven,
And budding Beauty hath been taught to pine
More for a chariot here than seat in Heaven !

Ill thrive the rugged ancient virtues clad
In robes effeminate of silken sheen ;
And all the qualities that patriots glad
In Fashion's vortex whirled to sink are seen.

'Tis gold, not steel outdrawn in sacred cause,
Now lures the soldier's eye and daubs his coat ;
'Tis gold-bought cadences and pervious gauze,
Not modest charms, that deck the virgin's throat.

And whitened hairs are shameless stooped to dust
For venal badge or lucre still more vile,
And Honour's soul infects the yellow lust,
And ev'n Religion wears a worldly smile.

Not modish mothers gave the Gracchi life,
Not dolls bedizened nurst the sons of Rome,
Not waltzers armed the Horatii for the strife,
But wives who made a sanctuary of Home !

Poor, foolish World, thou canst not take away
The self-respect that gives to virtue wings,
Nor rob the sage who scorns thy petty sway
Of happiness which but from Wisdom springs.

A bubble on the topmost wave is Man,
A moment shining mid tumultuous strife,
And bursting when his little course is ran
Upon the tear-replenished sea of Life.

'Tis sickness wakes him from complacent dreams
To thoughts repelled with smiles by haughty
Health ;

'Tis sickness prompts to higher, holier themes,
And weans from the absorbing world by stealth.

Oh, bubble catching every feebler ray,
By vanity and folly onward driven,
To every port thou shap'st thy erring way,
Save where thy hopes are chartered high in
Heaven !

The pang that gnaws, the shock that wrings the
frame

Is sweetest medicine to the chastened soul ;
Mid gusts tempestuous purer burns the flame,
'Neath curb and lash more swift is reached the
goal !

Tis sundown past—the Ave Maria bell
Tolls sweet from the Socorro, prompting prayer,
The horizon mists of Summer rise and swell,
A heavy stillness clogs the sultry air.

Tinkles at many a door the gay guitar,
Soft strains from many a belvedere resound ;
Hark to this old romance at Sant' Amar'*
Where villagers are grouped the minstrel round :

The Eye of Camoens.

When great Camóens, warrior-bard,
Beneath his gallant father's eye
Fought his first battle, straining hard
To earn the knightly spurs or die ;

* Santo Amaro.

Flashing sword 'neath plume high-tossing
With the Moor's alfangé crossing :

“ Where,” he said, “ paternal valour

“ Bids a son to victory rush,

“ Filial face o'erspread with pallor

“ Ne'er could make a father's blush !”

'Twas in Gibraltar's glorious strait,

King John's engaged the Moorish fleet,*

Camóens' father spurned at fate,

His galley and the Amiral's meet.

O'er the deck where Death rained quickest,

And the iron storm fell thickest,

Moorish marksman at the father

Treacherous aimed a deadly ball ;

Rushed the son to perish rather

Than that honoured sire should fall !

His filial arm its shield advanced

In time to save a father's life ;

But to his eye the missile glanced,

And left Camóens maimed for life.

* Don John III. The incident is strictly historical.

“ Oh, my son ! my grief is tender,”
Sighed Hesperia’s brave defender.
“ What ! an eye to save from dying
“ Him from whom my life I drew ? ”
Said the warrior-bard replying :—
“ Bounteous Nature gave me two ! ”

With carapuça smart and laughing eyes,
The young pastora asks a livelier strain ;
The minstrel bows, his plastic finger flies
O’er the small ghittern’s strings—he sings amain :—

The Beautiful Nun.

Saint Clair hath many daughters
Fair and gentle, wed on high,
And penitential waters
Stream from many a lustrous eye ;
But all in Southern splendour
Stare from orbs as black as coal,
Save one whose blue eyes tender
Melt while piercing to the soul !

Her auburn hair descending,
Did the convent's rule allow,
With snowy shoulders blending,
Might make hermits mourn her vow !
Such radiant play of feature,
Such a smile was never seen ;
A scandalous procedure
Twass to shut up Clementine !

Oh, where in all the Island
May another blonde be found,
In glen, or plain, or highland,
On or under all its ground ?
Make Clementine a Sister !
Hide that sunny face from man !
Would the Abbess, when she kist her,
Had been cloistered in Japan !

Yet Clementina's steadfast,
Be't devotion, be it pride ;
And when she might have sped fast
To the world, she " No " replied.

In scorn or depth of feeling,
Though a smile her red lip wear,
To man's deceitful dealing
She prefers the cold Saint Clair!

With pouting lip the young pastora caught
The ghittern from the smiling minstrel's hand,
Waked from the slender strings a strain untaught,
And gave to life the genius of the land :—

Song of the Pastora.

Up, up the Levada
I'll fly with my love,
From a stepmother's frown
To the Serra above.
Though the peak may be cold,
'Tis less icy than she ;
Though the mountain be rough,
To the mountain I'll flee.

When blows the rude north
With its cold ocean breeze,
No mantle I'll need
But the arm of Luíz!

When night falls around
With its pall like the dead,
On thy bosom, Luíz,
I will pillow my head !

Ne'er say 'twill be lonely,
Ne'er say 'twill be drear ;
How can it be lonely
When thou, love, art near ?
We'll build a *choupana* *
In some sweet ravine,
Where save the true-hearted
None, none shall be seen !

We'll there see the shadows
Flit over the hills,
Career o'er the valleys,
And darken the rills.
We'll feel the bright sunshine,
And bask in its ray,
And gaze on wide ocean,
Coast, islet, and bay.

* Thatched cottage.

Our goats with their milk,
And our fruits growing wild,
And the fountain's pure flow
Will support nature's child.
Ne'er say 'twill be lonely,
Ne'er say 'twill be drear ;
How can it be lonely
When thou, love, art near ?

Where the tall Serra spreads its table land,
To Sant' Antonio's venerated shrine*
Still oft repairs the enthusiast pilgrim-band,
And gains in health, if not in grace divine.

And further Northward through the living rock
The cleft Portella shews a wondrous scene,
Whose beauties at the coldest bosom knock,
Of Ocean's blue and Earth's most gorgeous green.

Eastward along the margin of the deep
Behold where mouldering falls that ruined tower,
Scarce seen where once it frowned above the steep,—
The dotage imaging of feudal power.

* St. Antonio da Serra.

Sad is the wreck of ancient glory's halls,
Sad of a potent mind the spectre wan;
But sadder, when the heart to ruin falls,
The dry-veined mummy of a bad old man!

Veríssimo's Beacon.

By fair Santa Cruz doth an old ruin stand,
Where a tower in past days cast its shade o'er the
land,
So sad and so gray in its desolate gloom,
That its Lord never lived in what shewed like a tomb.

On the Point of Lorenzo* a hermitage small
Fronts far o'er the wave that old tower's ruined wall;
Still the hind doth his love for pastora compare
To the faith of a youth who once fondly loved there.

The Lord of that castle had quintas full nine,
And his lands grew the choicest of sugar and wine;
Yet though his rich treasures were countless in store,
He prized his fair daughter, sweet Beatriz, more.

* Point S. Lourenço.

But Beatriz loved not as counselled her sire,
And the youth of her choice little dared to aspire,
Till he read on her cheek and he read in her eyes
That though love his whole gift for no other she sighs!

Her father was stern and ambitious and proud,
And when learnt he how lowly his Beatriz bowed,
No storm that wild lashes the giant Girau
Ever foamed with fell rage like that Lord to her awe.

He loved not a bargain so weakly arranged
As of one constant heart for another exchanged;
Affection's sweet pledge was no pledge to his mind,
For 'twas treasure he wanted and gold he would find.

Poor Beatriz bore he from exquisite bower
To a chamber so grim in the desolate tower,
Where nought availed tears, though a torrent came
 down,
To appease her stern father's inexorate frown.

Verissimo—such was the young lover's name—
Her prison soon found, though in secret she came;
His eagle-eye's glance caught her white waving hand,
And Hope from the tower seemed to wave her white
 wand :—

“ Oh, torn from that bosom more fair than the Morn,
“ Which the Graces without and within Love adorn,
“ Though I breathe not my soul on her lips as before,
“ From her dungeon these eyes will I never lift
 more !”

On the Point of Lorenzo, where Beatriz gazed
From her keep in the tower, he a hermitage raised ;
And though rolled the wild billows in thunder between,
Still where each lay enshrined by the other was seen.

To a light in his casement a light in the tower
Replied ev'ry night at the very same hour ;
Though timid put forth lest the father should spy ;
Oh, a speck is enough for a lover's quick eye !

And still did this ray, which proved constancy near,
Support that lone maiden through many a year ;
Still nerve her young heart, this her answer to be :
“ Oh, I never will wed with another but he !”

That haughty Fidalgo grew stricken with years,
But still was unmoved by his Beatriz' tears ;
Still cruelly closed he that desolate room,
Where his daughter lay penned in a sad living tomb.

That haughty Fidalgo grew stricken with age,
When he died less of pain than of impotent rage;
And his beautiful Beatriz, risen from the dead,
Made the constant Verissimo lord in his stead.

A fairer landscape than the lovely vale *
Where coolest river falls ne'er blest the eye;
Commingling charms of forest, hill, and dale,
There form an Eden where 'twere sweet to die!

By many a beetling steep, ravine, and dell,
With every Dryad form in splendour mixed,
Behold Sant' Anna's sylvan beauties swell,
Where many a giant Til his throne hath fixed!

And see, where'er thy magical sojourn,
The Tropic vale 'neath Alpine serra spread,
The flowers and fruits of either pluck in turn,
And scale the peak or sound the torrent's bed.

Know'st thou the Island where these marvels meet,
The peerless Isle with all Earth's treasures strown,
Know'st thou the Ocean-flower so softly sweet?
Oh, surely 'tis Madeira's isle alone!

* The Ribeiro Frio.

Full well 'tis seen, incomparable land,
Nor Greek nor Roman knew thee, else more near
Their Fortunate Isle ; and, far from Chryssus' strand,
The Gods had fixed their bright Elysium here !

In the calm eve, when Summer's heat is o'er,
How sweet in verdurous quinta to recline ;
To see the purple billows kiss the shore,
And pluck the clusters from o'erarching vine.

In the fair Spring which reigns through Wintry hours,
How sweet to feel the intoxicating breeze,
Sighing through orange groves and citron bowers
Whose golden apples mock the Hesperides !

Yet sweeter still upon the Serra high
To dwell with one loved being, true as fair,
Gaze on the lovely sea, the marble sky,
And joy that fraud and treachery pierce not there !

And sweetest far, when fell disease hath mocked
At youthful toils for glory, fame, or wealth,
To feel new life in gentlest cradle rocked,
And o'er the cheek steal ruddier hues of health.

But I, whom God hath summoned, here i' the core
 Feel life ebb gently ere first manhood flee,
And walk deep musing on the solemn shore
 That girds the Ocean of Eternity.

NOTES.

P. 119. "Armida's garden is no poet's dream."

Co' fiori eterni eterno il frutto dura,
E mentre spunta l'un, l'altro matura.

TASSO, *Gerus. Liber. XVI.*

P. 119. "And pour Phæacian treasures on each wind."

Τάων ὕποτε καρπὸς ἀπόλλυται, οὐδ' ἐπιλείπει
Χείματος, οὐδὲ θέρευς, ἐπετήσιος· ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰεὶ
Ζεφυρίῃ πνέιουσα, τὰ μὲν φύει, ἄλλα δὲ πέσσει.

HOM. *Od. VII.*

"No fruit ever perishes there, nor fails in winter or summer, (but their growth is) perennial, and the ever-breathing zephyr makes some to grow while it ripens others." I translate literally that the closeness of the resemblance may be seen more clearly. It has been attempted to convert this and some analogous passages in classical writers into a proof that Madeira was known to the ancients, but without any success. Though the Canary Isles were not unknown to the ancient world, Homer undoubtedly refers to some island in the Mediterranean, of whose climate he gives a highly coloured description, and whose locality the scholiasts have not determined. Phæacia was the country of Alcinous and Nausicaa, and upon it Ulysses was cast after leaving the island of Calypso, on the 18th day. Calypso herself had told him (*Odys.* V.) that he was to sail

17 days 'επ' ἀριστερὰ χεῖρὸς ἔχοντα, "bearing on his left hand," or as we should now express it, "on the larboard tack." It is needless to say that his little vessel would make small progress from the coast of Asia Minor in that time. The coincidences between Phæacia and Madeira are nevertheless remarkable. The first sight of the former obtained by Ulysses at sea was its "shadowy mountains," and Nausicaa's account of it is as follows:—

Οἰκέομεν δ' ἀπάνευθε, πολυκλύστῳ ἐνὶ ποντῷ,
Ἑσχατοὶ, οὐδὲ τις ἄμμι βροτῶν ἐπιμίσγεται ἄλλος.

"For we dwell apart at the extreme verge of the billowy sea, nor does any other of mortals mix with us." (*Odyss.* VI.) I should observe that Diodorus Siculus speaks of an island discovered in the Ocean towards the South, "where fruits grow to perfection throughout the entire year" (τὰς ὁπώρας δὲ παρ' αὐτοῖς παρ' ὅλον τὸν ἐνιαυτὸν ἀκμάζειν) *Biblioth. Hist.* II. and quotes as applicable to it Homer's description of Phæacia. No doubt, Diodorus refers to the Canaries.

P. 120. "Know'st thou the Island where these marvels meet?"

Kennst-du das land wo die citronen blühn?

GÖTTE, *Wilhelm Meister*, III. 1.

P. 120. "Beside the deep ribeiro's fretful rent."

Ribeiro, "river." Funchal stands upon three of these, the beds of which have been eaten away by the winter torrents to a considerable depth.

P. 121. "And Titan forms to scale Olympus dare."

The terrific combats of Jupiter and the Titans appear here to have a fitting theatre. Any one of these tremendous clefts

might have been opened by Jove's thunderbolt when he buried at one stroke Amphiaras, his chariot, and horses, an incident of which I extract the powerful description from Pindar:—

——— ὁ δ' Ἀμφιαρῆι
σχίσειν κεραυνῷ παμβίᾳ
Ζεὺς τὰν βαθύστερνον χθόνα,
κρύψεν δ' ἄμ' ἵπποις. Νεμεων, Θ.

“For Amphiaras Jupiter clove with all-forceful thunderbolt the deeply bosomed Earth, and hid him with his horses!”

P. 122. “And craggy spires and buttresses around,
From wall precipitous shoot upwards high.”

No language but the Greek, and scarcely any poet but Pindar, could do justice to this terrible yawning chasm. But Pindar does go as near doing justice to it as words can reach.

——— Βαθύκρημνοισι δ' ἀμ-
φ' ἄκταις Ἐλωρον. Νεμεων, Θ.

“The profoundly-precipiced banks of the Helorus.” I refer of course less to the idea than to the music and majesty of his language, in which he excels even Homer. The Helorus praised by Pindar was a river of Sicily, which, according to Apollodorus, had fishes so tame that they would come and eat out of men's hands. More like St. James's Park than the Currál!

P. 122. “There human arts and laws perfection gained.”

Οἶμαι ἡμῶν τὴν πόλιν, ἔπερ ὀρθῶς γε ᾤκισται, πελέως ἀγαθὴν εἶναι. Δῆλον δὲ ὅτι σοφὴ τ' ἐστὶ καὶ ἀνδρεία, καὶ σώφρων, καὶ δικαία. “I deem that our city rightly constituted is a model of consummate goodness; for it is manifestly wise, courageous, temperate, and just.”

PLAT. *de Repub.* IV.

P. 126. "More loathsome than the virgin's living snare."

Und auch den geier duld' ich nicht,
Der schwacher tauben nacken bricht.

RÜCKERT.

"And also I abhor the vulture which breaks the necks of weak doves."

P. 132. "Pass the Wolf's bed where never wolf lay down."

The point consists in the fact that it is the *lobo do mar*: "sea-wolf," or seal that is alluded to, and not the ravenous animal, from which Madeira is happily free. The island possesses no indigenous quadruped whatever, the rat even having come in ships.

P. 133. "Like the blind Cyclops, shapeless, huge, and dark."

— informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.—VIRG.

Καὶ γὰρ θαῦμ' ἐτέτυκτο πελώριον' οὐδὲ ἐφ'κει

Ἄνδρ' ἵ γε σιτοφάγῳ, ἀλλὰ ρίψ' ὑλήεντι

Ἵψηλῶν ὀρέων, ὅτε φαίνεται οἶον ἀπ' ἄλλων.

HOM. *Odyss.* IX.

"For a portentous marvel he was, nor did he seem like man on bread subsisting, but the rugged summit of a lofty mountain standing apart."

P. 134. — "See brazen Garajau

Project afar his promontory steep."

The projection of the upper part of this cliff is its great peculiarity. A similar appearance is described by Euripides:—

Ἦν τις διαβρῶξ κυμάτων πολλῶ σάλῳ

Κοιλωπὸς ἀγμὸς.

Iphig. in Taur.

"A broken precipice of rock hollowed by the frequent beating of the waves."

Ibid. "And bound the bay like stalwart lion's paw."

In order to appreciate this image fully, it is necessary to sail past Cape Garajáo eastward.

P. 135. Legend of Anna d'Arfet.

Ἦκουσιν εἰς γῆν,
Πλάτῃ φυγόντες, διπτυχοὶ νεανιαί,
Θεᾷ φίλον πρόσφαγμα, καὶ θυτήριον
Ἀρτέμιδι. χέρνιβας δὲ καὶ κατάργματα
Οὐκ ἂν φθάνοις ἂν εὐτρεπῇ ποιουμένη.

EURIP. *Iphig. in Taur.* 241 *et seq.*

"Flying in a ship, there came two youths to land, a grateful sacrifice and victim to Diana. The lustral water, and preliminaries for the sacrifice, therefore swift prepare."

P. 136. "Oh, ill can brook the generous heart."

Só disse que n'um peito generoso
Assentaria mal forjado esposo.

Insulana II. 24.

P. 137. "Oh Anna, we have tried the stars."

Olharáo se de Trino nas estrelas,
Porque n'um Horoscopo ambos nascidos.

Ins. II. 16.

P. 139. — "that sweet head, So youthful and so fair."

Deh! dovve senza me, dolce mia vita,
Rimasa sei sì giovane e sì bella.

ARIOST. *Orl. Furios.* c. VIII.

P. 139. "Their only pilot blind young Love."

E que o piloto Amor cego os guíava.

Ins. II. 101.

P. 140. "No chart nor compass guides their course."

The mariner's compass was not discovered till a century later.

P. 141. "And, save the birds that hymned to God."

Sem encontrar nem ver cousa vivente

Mais que diversos aves modulando

Louvores mil que à Deos estavam dando.

Ins. II. 105.

P. 141. "A thousand colours mix."

Machico is called by Manoel Thomas "o valle de mil cores."

P. 142. "And captives they were borne in wo."

De Atlante ao grande Reino os trespassarão.

Ins. II. 125.

P. 145. "Her outward loveliness the least."

Il men di sua bellezza è 'l bel sembiante.

ZAPPI, *Son.* IX.

P. 145. "Outlive I cannot my adored."

Repousa la no ceo eternamente,

E vivo eu ca na terra triste.

CAMÓENS, *Sonnet.*

P. 145. "And grief shall be a sword!"

A mesma dor me servirá de espada.

Ins. II. 132.

P. 150. "Zargo his name, a name Don John had given."

For these particulars see *Insulana*, Book I. See likewise the *Chronicle* of Duarte Nunez.

P. 151. "And calmly to the axe his head resigned."

Ἦν δὲ ἀναγκασθῆς κινδυνεύειν, αἴρου καλῶς τεθνάναι μᾶλλον ἢ ζῆν αἰσχροῶς.—"If danger is to be encountered, choose rather to die nobly than to live basely!"

Isoc. *Orat. ad Nicocl.*

This splendid oration was addressed to a Prince, and to a Prince it may therefore be fitly applied.

P. 151. "If Spain can boast amidst her Royal line."

The allusion is to St. Ferdinand, the conqueror of Seville, whose exploits like those of the Portuguese Ferdinand were directed against the Moors.

P. 153. "Three armed ships which soon in gallant line."

V. João de Barros, *Decad.* I.

P. 153. "'Twas when Demetra strews the teeming plain."

The expedition set out in July.

Ins. III.

P. 153. "The porpoise gambolled and the dolphin flew."

I have often witnessed the gambols of the porpoise off Cape St. Vincent, where they are to be met in immense numbers in the summer season.

P. 159. "True heart in search of glory never tires."

Ἦν τὰς δόξας ζήλοῖς, μιμοῦ τὰς πράξεις. "Whose glory you admire, imitate their actions." Isoc. *Orat. ad Nicoclem.*

P. 161. "And leave a deathless memory behind."

Μὴ περιῖδης τὴν σαντοῦ φύσιν ἅμα πᾶσαν διαλυθεῖσαν· ἀλλ' ἐπειδὴ θνητοῦ σώματος ἔτυχης, ἀθανάτου δὲ ψυχῆς, ἀθάνατον μνήμην καταλιπεῖν.—"Nor act so that thy nature perish all together; but since thy body is mortal, and thy soul immortal, leave of thy soul an immortal remembrance."

Isoc. *Orat. ad Nicoclem.*

P. 165. "Ennobling raggedness mid scanty bread."

Dem nicht geburt, noch titel,
Nicht sammtrock und nicht kittel
Den bruder bergen kann ;
Der ist ein freier mann !

PFEFFEL.

"He from whom neither birth nor title, velvet robe nor peasant's smock, can hide a brother—that is a free man!"

P. 165. ——— "Those Powers are Freedom, Truth."

——— "vom truge frei,
Wo noch das wort des mannes gilt ;
Das gute land, wo lieb' und treu'
Den schmerz des erdenlebens stillt."

DANK UND EHRENTempel.

"Free from deceit, where the word of a man is still of value—the good land, where love and truth assuage the smarts of life on earth."

P. 165. "To base Expediency or gains abhorred."

——— μηδέν

Ἄισχρὸν ποιεῖν, ὅτι τῆς αἰδοῦς μελλεῖς τ' ἀγαλμ' ἀναπλήσειν.

ARISTOPH.

"Do nothing base—for you must perfect the statue of Honour."

P. 166. "This earth is peopled with the shades of men."

Frangitur ipsa suis Roma superba bonis.

PROPERT. L. III. *Eleg.* 13.

P. 166. "And each man hath his price. Well, is it so ?

Why, not perhaps in gold—though best untried."

Ἐντί . . . καὶ κτεάνων

ψυχὰς ἔχοντες κρέσσονας.

ἀνδρες. Ἀπιστον ἔει-

π'. Αἰδῶς γὰρ, ὑπόκρυφα κέρδει κλέπτεται,

ἃ φέρει δόξαν.

PINDAR. *Nem.* Θ.

"And men there are having souls superior to riches. I have said an incredible thing. For Honour that bringeth glory by lucre is secretly stolen away."

P. 167. "Thence holds the Villainy of Power its throne."

Ah, villanos con poder.

CALDERON, *Alcalde de Zalumea*.

P. 167. "Where strand or shore or harbour there was none."

This is not literally true, for the bend of Point St. Lourenço contained the little bay where Caniçal is now situated. It accurately describes, however, the character of the coast.

P. 168. "Till he leapt from his barbaro strong."

Caballo barbaro, barb, a Barbary horse.

P. 169. "A smile, and a blush, and a glance."

Huye, teme, sospecha, inquiere, zela.

LOPE DE VEGA.

P. 169. "Love and hate in his deep-troubled eye."

Odi et amo. Quare id faciam fortasse requiris?

Nescio, sed fieri sentio, et excrucior.

CAT. *Carm.* LXXXV.

P. 170. "He had left the stol'n Helen for thee!"—

"Oh, steal *me*, Gazúl!"

Du bräut'gam hole mich,

Mein kränzlein bleibt für dich!

KÖRNER, *Schwertlied*.

"Thou bridegroom, fetch me home ; my bridal wreath waits for thee."

- P. 171. "Dark-hair'd, pyramidal cedars waved on high."
Verdes, pyramidos, e levantados
Os cedros com estranha fermozura
Outro Libano fazem. *Ins.* IV. 21.

- P. 171. "Tils vermeil-leaved."
As folhas de rubi varias dezata. *Ins.* IV. 20.
The til does not assume this hue till it is old.

- P. 173. "Whose branches measured—nay, do not smile—
"A thousand paces round!"
Mil passos largamente se contavão. *Ins.* IV. 75.
The fact is undoubted.

- P. 173. "And his English foes
That Armada finished soon!"

We had little to boast of in the way of European consideration before that period, the courtiers of Philip II. not having scrupled, during his marital stay in England, to designate us *en petit comité*, "*los barbaros Britanicos*"—a remnant of the feeling of ancient Rome, where Catullus in a Sapphic ode (Lib. I., 11) set us down as "*horribiles que ultimosque Britannos*," "the horrible and out-of-the-world Britons!"

- P. 179. "Robe in full panoply the God of Day."
"Ἀνθῆλιον πρόσωπον ἑκφαίνει θεῶν. "Divulgeth the sun-
resplendent face of the Gods." *EURIP. Ion.*

- P. 180. "Oh jarring nations, wherefore war declare?"
This doctrine, which appears only now to be on the point of approaching its consummation, is nevertheless as old as the days

of Socrates, who thus enforces it :—"Πολεμους και μαχας οὐδεν ἄλλο παρεχει ἢ το σωμα και αἱ τουτου ἐπιθυμιαι· δια γαρ την των χρηματων κτησιν παντες οἱ πολεμοι γιγνονται." "For wars and combats are produced by nothing but the body and its desires, and all wars are begotten by the lust of money." *Phædon*, *ιδ.* The contest as to battling or non-battling may be said to be between the Quakers and the poets, but so long as such magnificent verses as these of Pindar's survive, I think the poets will have the best of it :—

“Ουνεκεν ἐν πολέμῳ κεί-
 να Θεὸς ἔντυεν αὐτοῦ
 θυμὸν αἰχματὰν, ἀμύνειν
 λοιγὸν Ἐνναλίου.
 Παῦροι δὲ βουλευσῆσαι, φόβου
 Παρποδίου νεφέλαν
 τρέψαι ποτὶ δυσμενέων ἀνδρῶν στίχας,
 χερσὶ καὶ ψυχᾷ δυνατοί. Λέγεται μὰν
 Ἐκτορι μὲν κλέος ἀν-
 θῆσαι Σκαμάνδρου χεύμασιν
 ἀγχοῦ.

Νεμεων, Θ.

“For in battle the Goddess (Honour) spurred his warlike soul to urge on the slaughter of Mars. But few with rapid counsel to turn the cloud of imminent slaughter, against the array of hostile ranks, in hand and soul are fit. The glory of Hector is said indeed to have flourished nigh Scamander's stream.” The name which I have translated “Honour,” *Αἰδῶς*, means literally (as defined by the Stoics) the dread of shame. This Divinity, profoundly worshipped by the Greeks, is equally revered in modern times, and to the worship of an idol that bears the name are we indebted for the barbarous practice of duelling, which Greeks and Romans despised.

P. 180. "Look upward shamed to Heaven's harmonious hall."

The allusion is to the *μουσικὴ οὐράνια* of Pythagoras, who stands in the temple of Greek philosophy upon one of the three highest pedestals, the other two being occupied by Plato and Socrates.

P. 180. ————— "The starry maze
More piercing enters the enraptured soul."

Das auge kann sich nicht genug ersehen an solchem himmlischen schauspiel, und weiss nicht welchen stern es zuerst und am längsten betrachten soll, und es ist, als wenn jeder sagte: "Schau mich an!" "The eye cannot satisfy itself with gazing at such heavenly show-play, it knows not which star it shall contemplate first and longest, but it is as if each said, 'Look at me!'"

HEBEL.

P. 181. "Eternity to Thee a present hour."

"Deus enim est, et . . . unicus nunc sempiternam implet durationem." Plutarch, on the word EI in the Temple at Delphi.

P. 183. "And branches where the tutinegro sung."

The tutinegro is an island bird with a low rich note, something like our nightingale's.

P. 189. "Feels o'er his harp-like boughs destruction creep."
Die hohen schlanken palmen
Umrauschen wie harfen ihn.

AUERSPERG.

"The high and slender palms like harps rushed round him."

P. 195. "Worm of the Earth and angel of the skies."

Ange des cieux, imbécille ver de terre. PASCAL.

P. 197.

————— "A tear

Might dim, but all in vain, the martyr's eye ;

A conscience pure transcends all human fear."

This was the consolation of Socrates, who, having taught, as recorded by Plato in his *Apology* and *Crito*, how men ought to form their lives, in the *Phædon* instructed them how to die, and died in accordance with his precepts, the noblest merely human martyr to Truth. The true philosopher, he declares, ought to hate and condemn his body, which stands in the way of his union with God. He should wish to get rid of the incumbrance, and look upon death as the passage to a better life. This solid hope, he urges, gives being to that true temperance and valour which are to be found alone in the genuine philosopher ; since other men are only valiant through fear, and temperate through intemperance, their virtue being the slave of vice.

"Οἱ ὀρθῶς φιλοσοφούντες ἀποθνήσκειν μελετῶσι, καὶ το τεθνάναι ἥκιστ' αὐτοῖς ἀνθρώπων φοβερὸν." "Those who are true philosophers desire to die, and death to these, of all men is least formidable."—Φαιδων, ιβ.

When he concluded his discourse, his friends asked what orders he would give concerning his affairs. "The only order I give," replied Socrates, "is that you make yourselves as like to God as possible." They asked him, how he would be interred? But the question offended him, for he would not have his soul confounded with his corse. What a contrast to the death of the Epicurean Petronius, whose voluptuous life having extinguished every sentiment of virtue, he slew himself to get rid of his own fears, caused agreeable verses to be recited at the period of his exit, and sang an accompaniment to them in a ridiculous imitation of the sweetness of dying

swans, rewarding those of his slaves who had been the ready accomplices of his sensualities, and punishing those who had been perhaps slow to minister to his vices.

P. 199. "Or is't the jagged rock that stands apart?"

One of the most curious objects on the Island coast.

P. 200. "And swift the *hiáte* to Lisbon sent to tell."

This word *hiáte*, pronounced as a monosyllable, is the origin of our "yacht," and both in sound and sense it is nearly the same.

P. 202. "These bucaniers of France did steal away."

The runaway marauders in the text proceeded upon good authority, ancient as well as modern; for, not to insist upon those household words, "Discretion is the better part of valour," and "He who fights and runs away," &c., the indomitable Ajax comports himself thus tamely in the 11th *Iliad*.

Στῆ δὲ ταφῶν, ὄπιθεν δὲ βάλεν σάκος ἑπταβόειον·

Τρέσσε δὲ παπτήνας ἐφ' ὀμίλῳ, θηρὶ ἐοικώς,

Ἐντροπαλιζόμενος, ὀλίγον γόνυ γουνὺς ἀμείβων.

"He stood affrighted, and flung behind him his seven-fold ox-hide shield; trembling he retired, scowling on the crowd, like to a beast, doubled up of a heap, stealing one leg after another!"

My translation is not elegant, but it is most literal. For ox-hide "cow-hide" might judiciously be read. The description of the cowardly bully is inimitable and to the life; but Ajax's poltroonery lasted only for an instant, and was caused by the hand of Jove. For the consolation of cowards there are many other classical examples, such as Horace's "*non bene*

relictâ parmulâ," Pompey's desertion of his camp when Cæsar laid siege to it after his last battle, for which Plutarch so severely uses him, and Pindar's acknowledgment in the midst of one of his rapturous Nemeonics :

'Εν γὰρ
δαίμονίοισι φόβοις,
φευγοντι καὶ παῖδες Θεῶν.

"For in the midst of Heaven-sent terrors, even the sons of the Gods take flight."

P. 204. ——— "Nor God hath Spain,
Unless the haughty Agarene
With sturdy blow we stun."

Frisch auf, mein volk! Die flammenzeichen rauchen;
Es ist ein Kreuzzug, 's ist ein heil'ger Krieg!

KÖRNER.

"Start up, my people! the flame-signals reek. This is an expedition with the Cross, a holy war."

P. 205. "And first to stand at glory's goal
With quenchless zeal he burned."

It was Sebastian's ambition to rival the warlike exploits of the preceding age, more especially of Charles V. His erring zeal was a misapplication of the elegant and forcible *dictum* of Isocrates: ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΟΝ ΒΙΟΝ ΣΤΡΑΤΙΩΤΙΚΩΣ ΖΗΝ. "To lead a kingly life at the head of armies."

P. 206. "And yells of trampled Saracen
Did mix with groans of Christian men."

————— μετὰ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς,
Στείβοντες νέκυσ τε καὶ ἀσπίδας. *Iliad.* XI.

“Trampling amongst Greeks and Trojans upon corpses and shields.”

P. 206. “Sebastian, slaughtering o’er the plain.”

——— Ἀγαμέμνονα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
Θύνοντ’ ἐν προμάχοισιν, ἐναίροντα στίχας ἀνδρῶν.

Iliad. XI.

“Agamemnon raging in the foremost line, destroying ranks of men.”

P. 217. “By Moorish almagauver sped.”

The almagavar infantry of ancient Spain, of which traces were left after the expulsion of the Moors, was a very rudely-equipped and wild body of mountaineers, chiefly clothed with skins. V. MONCADA’S “Expedicion de los Catalanes y Aragoneses contra Turcos y Griegos.”

P. 228. “More fit thy falchion flashing,
Mid armies Granadine.”

This monarch’s (Afonso IV.) reign was signalized by several exploits against the Moors, and by the great battle of Sallado, as well as by the terrible plague which in 1348 committed such ravages throughout the world, and caused fearful destruction in Portugal.

P. 229. “Unless you’ve pity on Mai,” he said,
“We can’t indeed be friends!”

Aff. Se acazo nao tem dó da minha mai,
Entáo não quero ser já seu amigo.

NICOLAS LUIZ, *Ignez de Castro. Trag.*

P. 231. "When vouch these goodly knights that all
The kingdom is thy foe?"

Rei. Como posso livrar te do castigo,
Se todo hum Reino tens por inimigo?

Ibid.

P. 231. "Oh mirrors of my charmed eyes,
And are we doomed to part?"

Ignes. Oh mizera de mim! filhos amados,
Espelho em que os meus olhos se revião!

Ibid.

P. 232. "Leave me," he said, "or I will tell
My father thou didst dare."

Aff. ——— Deixai-me vós tambem;
Se não, hei de dizello a meu pai,
Que vos ha de matar com huma espada.

Ibid.

P. 232. "Oh, break it not in pieces
A thousand at a stroke!"

Inez. Advertid, senhor mirad,
Que el corazon à pedaços
Dividid me arancais.

VELEZ DE GUEVARA, *Inez de Castro. Trag.*

P. 233. "With these inhuman enemies,"
Said Inez, "dost me leave?"

Inez. Adonde vais, luzes mias?
Como, que assi me dexais
En el mayor desconsuelo
En manos dela crueldad?

Ibid.

- P. 233. "Receive your mother's latest sigh
Upon each charming face."

Inez. Hijos, hijos de mi vida,
Dexad me los abraçar ;
Alonzo, mi vida, hijo,
Dionis, amores tornad,
Tornad a ver vuestra madre.

Ibid.

- P. 234. "Faints the sun,
The deed beholden !"
De dôr e espanto
No carro de oiro
O Numen loiro
Desfaleceo.

BOCAGE.

- P. 236. "Like lily plucked before its time."
Assim como a bonina, que cortada
Antes do tempo foi candida, e bella,
Sendo das mãos lascivas maltratada
Da menina, que a trouxe na capella,
O cheiro traz perdido, a cor murchada ;
Tal está morta a pallida donzella,
Seccas do rosto as rosas, e perdida
A branca e viva cor co'a doce vida.

CAMOENS, *Lus.* Cant. III.

- P. 238. "More sweet than others to enjoy
To languish still for thee !"
Pur mi consola che languir per lei,
Meglio e che gioir d'altra.

PETRARCA. *Rim.* P. 1, *Son.* 142.

P. 240. "And mid the horrid pangs of crime,
Out-writhed his sinful soul."

In this epithet "out-writhed," and in the preceding ones, "ruffian-struck," and "gore-dabbled," I have attempted to imitate the forcible and expressive compounds of the German language. I believe that our mixed Saxon still retains sufficient affinity with the parent tongue to justify our literary men in a freer introduction of that Teutonic peculiarity which in compound epithets leaves little superiority to the ancient Greek. Although this poetic licence of verbal coinage has of late years been often most absurdly abused, we certainly have high warrant for its judicious use in the words of the wisest of uninspired men, Socrates, which are given thus in the Latin version: "Poëtæ non solum verbis usitatis, verum etiam novis translatis, et peregrinis, et omni denique dicendi generis, suam poësim ornare possunt; oratoribus autem nihil tale concessum est."

P. 242. "The Quinas here doth ride."
The national standard of Portugal.

P. 243. "Hers, hers in life, in death too hers."
Hujus eram vivus, mortuus hujus ero.
PROPERT. *L. II. Eleg. XII.*

P. 256. "And far above his ripening clusters fall."
Es schlangen sich rebengewinde
Von palme zu palm' empor,
Draus blickten purpurne trauben,
Wie küssende lippen, hervor.

AUERSPERG.

"Vine shootings wound themselves upward from palm to palm, and purple grapes like kissing lips glanced forth."

- P. 264. "And come too he from whom grim Death
Hath torn to realms above," &c.

Qui primum caram juveni, carumque puellæ
Eripuit juvenem, ferreus ille fuit.

TIBULL. *L. III. El. 2.*

- P. 269. "There is a joy which ev'n from sickness springs."

I have endeavoured here to embody the grave thoughts to which the serious maladies, for which the climate of Madeira is resorted to, are so calculated to give rise, thoughts which in health are too easily banished, and which have unaffectedly become my own :

Τὸ γὰρ νοσοῦντι ληρεῖν ἀνδρὸς οὐχὶ σῶφρονος.

SOPH. *Trach.*

"To trifle with the sick is not the part of the wise."

- P. 269. "And fly from that which calls itself The World."

Thus Socrates in the First Alcibiades declares that, like Dædalus, he can make himself wings to fly towards Heaven, and raise his mind to the knowledge of divine things, and in the Euthyphron, derides Dædalus's flying with mechanical wings which is not comparable to the flight of his own soul. In the same Dialogue he equally derides the tapestried sail of Minerva's ship, whose lumbering flight did not enable it to soar above the ground, when it was carried in procession every fifth year during the feast of the Panathenea; and in another passage he ridicules the principles of worldly-minded men, which give him the slip whenever he attempts to grasp them, like the expertly carved statues of Dædalus, supplied with springs within, by means of which they would start out and move along as if they had been alive. It is not generally known that Socrates was an accomplished humorist, and that many of his observa-

tions at the point of death, recorded by Plato, were finished specimens of raillery. Not even a capital condemnation could repress the vigour of his ardent mind. In fact the habitual and elevated contemplation of death has nothing in it whatever of gloomy sadness.

P. 269. "No loss but gain to man is dying young."

This is the doctrine even of an enlightened Pagan, Socrates : "Death is no affliction, but a passage to a happier life"—a doctrine which made considerable progress in his time. Some philosophers gave such lively demonstrations of it in their lectures, that several of their disciples in opposition to Socrates' opinion laid violent hands on themselves, to anticipate that happier life, and Ptolemy Philadelphus felt constrained to prohibit Hegesias of Cyrene from teaching it in his school, through fear of depopulating his dominions. The complaisance of that Prince's courtiers originated what we read in Callimachus against the immortality of the soul, and occasioned the famous epigram which Cicero alleges to have been written against Cleombrotus of Ambracia. The superiority of Christianity is beautifully illustrated in the mild demeanour which it inculcates upon its disciples, even Socrates having been carried away by what he calls in the *Crito* "a holy rage," but what in reality appears an unholy ardour, and having confessed in the same dialogue that, inspired with fury, like the priests of Cybele with the sound of the flutes and cornets, his ears were stopped from hearing any thing else. This temper explains the saying of Diogenes, that "Socrates was a madman," for Socrates shewed an incredible warmth in pursuing even this just conclusion, which the Christian philosopher can calmly await, with an equal conviction of the nothingness of life, but submissive to the hand of Providence.

P. 270. " 'Tis gold, not steel outdrawn in sacred cause."

At nunc desertis cessant sacraria lucis :

Aurum omnes victâ jam pietate colunt.

Auro pulsa fides, auro venalia jura ;

Aurum lex sequitur, mox sine lege pudor.

PROPERT. *L. III. Eleg.* 13.

P. 270. " Not modish mothers gave the Gracchi life."

The emptiness of mere ladies of fashion is despatched by Plato in a few characteristic words. He is describing the last visit of Xantippe to Socrates in prison :—" τοιαῦτα ἅττα εἶπεν Ξανθίππη, οἷα δὴ εἰώθασιν αἱ γυναῖκες."—"Xantippe then said some of those things which women are accustomed to say." Socrates treated the lady with still less ceremony :—" Καὶ ὁ Σωκράτης βλεψας εἰς τὸν Κριτωνα, ὁ Κριτων, ἔφη, ἀπαγετω τις ταυτην οἴκαδε. Καὶ ἐκείνην μὲν ἀπῆγον βοῶσαν τε καὶ κοπτομένην." "And Socrates, looking at Crito, said, O Crito, let some one take this woman home. And they took her indeed home, weeping and bellowing."—Φαιδων, γ'. But, though the fair sex in the classical era had by no means the due amount of liberty, it is not to be supposed that all "loved, honoured, and obeyed," even Xantippe having been surpassed (not in scolding, but in resolution and firmness) by Eriphyle, an Argive princess, wife of Amphiaraus, to whom Pindar applies an epithet in force by far surpassing any mere "curtain-lecturer," or "wearer of inexpressibles :"—'Ανδροδάμαντ' Ἐριφύλαν, "Eriphyle, the husband-tamer!" I must add, for the consolation of the softer sex that, though Plato appears to deal cavalierly with them above, he elsewhere treats them with such consideration as to give them equal rights with men in his model Republic, placing even on record this extraordinary com-

pliment to the sex: *Γυναῖκες μέντοι πολλὰ πολλῶν ἀνδρῶν βελτίους εἰς πολλά.* "For many women are more skilful than many men for many different things."—*De Repub.* V. But unhappily he spoils all in the same treatise, by advocating community of wives and children. The hits of these grave philosophers at the gentler sex are ponderous levities compared with the attacks of the satirists of Greece and Rome. Thus, to cite a passage or two from those which are less generally known:

Ain' ? sana puella defututa

Tota, millia me decem poposcit ?

Ista turpiculo puella naso ?

CATULL. *Lib. I.* 39.

—— putidæque paludis

Lividissima, &c.

Ibid. 18.

Circumsistite eam, et reflagitate ;

Mæcha putida, redde codicillos,

Redde, putida mæcha, codicillos.

Ibid. 40.

Hic genus infidum nuptarum, hic nulla puella,

Nec fida Evadne, nec pia Penelope.

PROPERT. *L. III. Eleg.* 13.

Aristophanes thus disposes of the sex in general: *Πυρὶ χρὴ τὰς μυσαρὰς γυναῖκας ἀνθρακεύειν.* "It is fit that all abominable womankind be burnt in a fire!"—*Lys.* 342. Our modern women are little aware how much they are indebted to the spirit of Christian chivalry, for the freedom which they enjoy and the esteem in which they are justly held.

P. 272. "The pang that gnaws, the shock that wrings the frame

Is sweetest medicine to the chastened soul."

Schauderst du nicht vor den Krankheiten, die vor mir her krächzen und vor dem kalten schweiss, der von meinen fittigen träufelt?—Nein! Ich bin ein Christ. “Shudderest thou not at the sicknesses which croak along before me, and at the cold sweat that drops from my wings? No! I am a Christian.”

LAVATER.

P. 274. “What! an eye to save from dying
Him from whom my life I drew?”

————— Que vale isso

Para salvar um pae? Dous nos ha dado
Liberal natureza.

GARRETT'S *Camões*.

P. 275. “Be't devotion, be it pride.”

Tutto spiegar non oso,

Tutto non só tacer.

METAST. *Semir. Act I. Sc. 3.*

P. 276. “The dry-veined mummy of a bad old man!”

Secca é la vena de l'usato ingegno.

PETRAR. *Son. CCLII.*

P. 279. “Though I breathe not my soul on her lips as
before.”

Oh fortunati miei dolci martiri,

S'impetrerò che, giunto seno a seno,

L'anima mia nella tua bocca io spiri!

TASS. *Gerus. Liberat. Cant. II.*

P. 281. “To dwell with one loved being, true as fair.”

Non opibus mentes hominum curæque levantur :

Nam Fortuna suâ tempora lege regit.

Sit mihi paupertas tecum, jucunda Neæra,

At sine te regum munera nulla volo !

TIBULL. *L. III. El. 3.*

Of the three Latin amatory poets who are commonly classed together, Tibullus was a gentleman, Propertius a philosopher, and Catullus a blackguard.

P. 281. "To feel new life in gentlest cradle rocked."

Die hoffnung führt ihn ins leben ein,

Sie umflattert den fröhlichen knaben,

Den jüdling begeistert ihr zauberschein,

Sie wird mit dem greis nicht begraben ;

Denn, beschliesst er im grabe den müden lauf,

Noch am grabe pflanzt er—die hoffnung auf !

SCHILLER.

"Hope ushers man into life ; she flutters around the light-hearted boy ; her magical shine inspires the youth ; with the graybeard she is not buried ; for when he closes at the tomb his weary race, he planteth Hope even on the grave !"

July, 1845.

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